

# THE ROUND TABLE

A WEEKLY RECORD OF  
THE NOTABLE, THE USEFUL AND THE TASTEFUL.

VOL. I.—No. 7.

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CATARRH,

DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR, AND THROAT,

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No. 49 CONCORD STREET, BROOKLYN.

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September 13, 1863.

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must die. The discharge from the head and throat was  
incessant, frequently accompanied by blood. After hav-  
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THOMAS S. DAY.

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TRENTON, N. J., Aug. 25, 1862.

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PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 116 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 30, 1864.

## IS NEWSPAPER INFLUENCE MARKETABLE?

THE *Sunday Mercury*, as a legal trial has disclosed, received from Mayor Kalbfleisch, of Brooklyn, a candidate for re-election, sixty-five dollars, in accordance with an understanding, as he testified, that "it would be a good thing to secure the influence of the *Mercury*, and that this could be done for twenty-five to thirty dollars a week." The *Sunday Dispatch* received from Mayor Opdyke the city official printing, and also paid for it in influence. We ask—Is there any essential difference in the two cases? The act of the one was venal. Was the act of the other aught else? To avoid all invidious association, and keep the maxim, *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, we direct the test to two prints equally characterless.

To Walpole is imputed the saying, "Every man has his price." Falsely, we believe, for, as Burke remarks, "Walpole gained very few over from the opposition;" and he finally fell precisely because he could not manage his enemies. But, if Sir Robert uttered this, what did he mean by it? That every man could be bought for so many pounds sterling? Not at all. He meant that there was no person above being moved by some form of personal favor. We need no Robert Walpole to tell us that there is many an individual who would spurn hard cash in hand, and yet would be compliant enough before the glittering bait of office, or the fat job of some government contract. But a man may make as complete a sale of himself in one way as in the other. In respect to the morality of the transaction, it is not of the least consequence what shape the consideration takes. It is the existence of the consideration that makes this mutual dealing bribery on the one part and venality on the other. An elector is bought alike, whether his vote is paid for with gold, or a barrel of flour, or a place in the custom-house, or any personal benefit. The moral wrong consists in the violation of conscience for selfish advantage; the public mischief consists in the betrayal of a public trust. Whatever the inducement, both the wrong and the mischief remain perfectly the same.

Now, we have no desire to set up any fanciful standard of newspaper integrity. Newspapers, however impersonal they may profess to be, are conducted by men, and must partake, in some degree at least, of human frailty. To demand an immaculate newspaper is no more reasonable than to demand an immaculate government or an immaculate church; it cannot be had until humanity itself becomes immaculate. In this stage of the world, we look for absolute disinterestedness nowhere. No judge on the bench, though he be deemed, like Marshall, the very incarnation of justice, is allowed to sit on his own case. No legislator, though he have a name as pure as that of Clinton, dares to vote on his own claim. All know that interest biases the judgment of men the most honest. But human weakness is one thing, human obliquity quite another. We demand simply the application of the same practical standard of honesty and honor to the public press that is applied to every other public agent.

Newspapers are public agents, and not a whit the less so because they have never been commissioned by formal vote. They have their credentials in their subscription lists. It is the public, and that alone, which supports them. They are therefore under a moral obligation to serve the public, and

to serve it justly. The vast power which is secured to them by the public should be exerted solely for the public good. No public official, governor, legislator, or judge, is more strictly bound to be faithful to the public. In fact, if responsibility is commensurate with the power enjoyed, editors have more of it than any official functionaries whatever. They have a matchless opportunity for working public good or public harm.

But the public functionary who barter away the public interests for his own private ends is accounted infamous. No matter in what way he does it, or for what consideration, he is branded a sordid wretch by all honest men. He has broken faith—has betrayed what was committed to him. Though he may not lose caste among creatures in private life of the same stamp with himself, he yet becomes an object of general scorn just as sure as the offense is proved upon him. Why should not an editor be judged with at least equal strictness? What better right has he to convert his public trusts to private uses? If it be infamous for a judge to sell his opinions, or for a legislator to sell his influence, why is it not equally infamous for a public journalist to sell both opinion and influence? What honest man cares to make a distinction whether the judge shapes his judgment with reference to so much gold placed in his palm or to any other private advantage? whether the legislator lends his aid to a measure for a bank check or any other reward? And what honest man cares to make a distinction between the *Mercury*, who sold its favor for so many dollars, and the *Dispatch*, which granted its support for so much advertising?

Yet most newspapers in this city would refuse, we presume, to be subsidized in the vulgar style of the *Mercury*, while still they have no particular objection to selling themselves in a more indirect and delicate way. The fact is notorious that our public journals do hold their opinions, to a greater or less extent, subject to business patronage. The whole practice of newspaper puffery is in fact but another name for a sale of newspaper influence. A quack doctor wants a "first-rate notice" of his nostrum; an inventor of his patent; a manager of his new play; a publisher of his last novel; it is secured to all of them by giving a few dollars—in advertising. Almost universally, a puff of some sort can be had by paying for it in that way. The puffs differ quite as much as Touchstone's lies differed—from the "lie seven times removed" to the "lie circumstantial" and the "lie direct." The style of doing the thing depends very much upon the cast of the readers. Of course a newspaper whose circulation is among intelligent people must avoid making the connection between the advertisement and the editorial sanction of the thing advertised too palpable. It requires art to manage this matter, but it is usually done neatly enough, so that a good impression is made for the advertiser, and not a bad one for the editor. The same sort of subsidizing is used to a large extent by our public officials. Our Common Council and our various city departments all have a great deal of advertising patronage to bestow at discretion. The favored papers are expected to be the servitors of the particular givers of the patronage; and as a general thing they fulfill that expectation by silently conniving at, if not openly defending, any malfeasance which these patrons may commit.

The amount of mischief which this disguised venality is constantly working upon the community is incalculable. To it is largely due the ruin of health by quack compositions, the robbery of the pocket by worthless gimcracks, the corruption of the tastes and morals by bad plays and romances, the damage to the public interests by the frauds of men in office. Were these evils to receive strict justice from all public journals, they could not retain one-hundredth part of their present success. In spite of all gloss, the hard fact stands that these terrible banes flourish solely because all or almost all the public press, in greater or less measure, sell their influence, and thus betray the public welfare for private ends.

Our public journals, we cheerfully admit, generally have improved within the last twenty or thirty years quite as much in morals and manners as in ability and enterprise. They have risen in the world, and in the very process, as is usually the case with individuals, have risen above the gross habits and mean ways of their original low life. But they still come far short of the lofty principle that ought to rule their conduct. Most of them would earnestly resent the imputation of improbity, but their standard is not what it should be. There is no reason why it should not be that of the pulpit or of the bench, for the responsibility attached to it is equally great. It is not, in most cases, even that of common life, not even of the conductors themselves in their private relations. There is many an editor who speaks or keeps silence publicly as he would scorn to do privately. Preachers and judges are apt to live below their professional standard; editors are quite as apt to live above theirs. It is one of our greatest public necessities that this newspaper standard should be raised. It should be cleared not only of all the "old ways of the trade," but of all trading spirit whatever, and be made identical with the strictest requirement of justice and truth. Were this once realized, there would hardly be a limit to the power of the press as a public benefactor. The right way to promote this realization is to

expose and stigmatize the abuses of the press without fear or favor.

## WHITE AND BLACK.

THE question of slavery in this country is at this moment one of paramount and all-absorbing interest. But American slavery involves two very distinct elements: one of these is the relation of the master to the slave, and the other is the relation of the white man to the black. Those who feel most vehemently on this subject never draw distinctions, for passion never discriminates; but the statesman, the practical man, must discriminate, and when the discrimination is made, it will be found that the question of race is even more momentous than the question of status. In other words, the great difficulty with American slavery consists not in the fact that the slaves are slaves, but that they are blacks.

This is a difficulty peculiar to slavery on this continent, and its magnitude is not sufficiently apprehended by English and French philanthropists who have no practical acquaintance with the relations of race. In England and France a negro is so rarely seen that he is an object of curiosity and peculiar interest, and they cannot understand why there should be any repugnance to the race among us. But an Englishman who has lived in India, and especially if he was there during the Sepoy rebellion, gets a light on the question which never could have come to him in his own land.

In Greek slavery and Roman slavery there was no element of race involved. The slave and his master alike belonged to the same great division of the human family, at least with very few exceptions. The son of the freedman bore upon his person no indelible stamp of the servitude of his ancestors. So it is with the Russian serf of to-day. The emancipation of the serfs in that empire—an event so honorable to that government and to our age—was not complicated with the question of race.

Our creed on the subject of slavery is simple. We hold that no human being has a right to own another human being. Slavery is a relation unjust to the slave and injurious to the master. It is a relation which we cannot conceive of as existing in a society organized upon the highest Christian principles. This creed is susceptible of unbounded rhetorical expansion and illustration, but this is unnecessary; and not only this, but in most cases rhetoric is useless and worse than useless when there is a practical difficulty to be met, a practical problem to be solved.

Slavery is an evil, a great evil, but it is not the only evil in the world. It is one of the many expressions and results of the imperfection of humanity, of the sinfulness of the human heart. But it is a huge, stern, and inexorable fact, and must be looked at and dealt with as such. It is the same with drunkenness and licentiousness, those universal plague-spots of civilization. These are sins against God's law and crimes against man's law, but they are facts, and the Christian legislator must accept them as such. If the legislation directed against them be rash, fanatical, impracticable, it is no sufficient justification to say that they are evils.

In the year 1620 there was not a human being in North America of African descent. In that year a Dutch ship of war entered James River, and landed twenty negroes for sale. This was the first small beginning of an evil which has now assumed such gigantic dimensions. The slave trade continued, as is well known, till the year 1808. The whole number of slaves brought into the country from Africa, from first to last, cannot be exactly ascertained, but it is not supposed to exceed three hundred and fifty thousand. But they have been increased and multiplied, and become an exceeding great people. The slave population of the United States by the last census amounted to about four millions, and the free colored population to about five hundred thousand. Thus in 1860 there were in the United States more than ten slaves for every one African imported. This great increase proves incontestably that the slaves cannot have been very badly treated, so far as material comfort is concerned. No race that is overworked and underfed increases to an extent like this. The law of population is as fixed as the law of gravitation. The white man in America has brought the black man from Africa, and compelled him to work for him—but in return he has fed him and clothed him and sheltered him. He has nursed him in sickness and maintained him in old age. No man ever heard of a slave's having died of starvation. But all this does not make slavery right. We are only stating facts.

These facts will make the more impression when we contrast them with those of the British West Indies. The whole number of slaves emancipated there in 1834 was 660,000, but the number which had been imported into the British West Indies from Africa was 1,700,000. Thus, instead of ten for one, we have only one for about two and a half, and this, too, in a climate more favorable to the negro race than that of the United States. Had the slaves in the United States been treated like the slaves in the British West Indies, we should have had to-day only one hundred and fifty thousand slaves to deal with.

Nor is this all. The slaves in the Southern states, those of unmixed African blood we mean, are superior, morally and



intellectually, to those of the same race and blood now to be found in Africa itself. No candid man who has read any of the recently published books of travel in that continent can come to any other conclusion. The colored race, bond and free, North and South, have behaved extremely well since this civil war broke out. The freedmen whom we have taken into our military service have shown themselves to be industrious, docile, and brave. All admit that they make good soldiers. But no man in his senses would think of converting a cargo of newly imported African slaves into soldiers, even if they could speak our language. The African has been improved by transplantation, even under the disadvantage of slavery. His brain has become larger, better, and finer. The good qualities which we commend in him are in some measure the growth of slavery. And this is by virtue of a general law which may be thus stated: that when two races live together in relations of protection and dependence, but without mingling their blood, the lower race is improved by the mere contact with the higher.

We are now in the midst of a great civil war. We are waging this war, some say, for the restoration of the Union, and some, for the destruction of slavery. But whatever may be the object of the war, the practical result is the same; and that is the overthrow of slavery in all those portions of slaveholding territory which our armies subjugate. In these the relation of master and slave ceases to exist. The masters retreat as our forces advance, and carry with them a portion of their slaves; but the greater part remain behind, and take refuge within our lines; and the question is, What shall become of them, and what are our duties in regard to them?

There are some who take a stern and hard view of the question. They say that the sons of Africa cannot be brought out of the house of bondage without a sharp discipline of suffering and sorrow; and if large numbers faint by the way and die, it cannot be helped. The boon of freedom is worth the price it costs. The negro must learn to take care of himself. The chain of dependence must be broken as well as the chain of bondage.

There is unquestionably some force in these considerations. But there is another fact in the case, which we have not stated, which modifies their application to the subject in hand. The slaves, as we have just said, take refuge within our lines—and how do we deal with them? We take the able-bodied husbands and fathers and convert them into soldiers or laborers; but we cannot so deal with the women and children. There are slaves whom we have deprived of their masters, and dependent members of a family whom we have deprived of their natural guardians and protectors. It is plainly our duty to take care of these helpless creatures; to feed, clothe, and shelter them; to do for them what their masters at least did. What is the gift of freedom worth to them if they are to die of cold, hunger, and neglect? That many of them have died from these causes is a fact: that many more of them are likely to die from these causes is a probability. The claims of these unhappy beings cannot be denied or even postponed. While we are deliberating, they are dying.

Nor can this duty be left exclusively to individual charity and foresight. The American people have behaved admirably since this war broke out. They have shown an energy and elasticity of spirit, a power of organization and combination, a readiness to make sacrifices, a patriotic devotion, worthy of the highest praise. This particular charge—the care of the emancipated freedmen—has not been overlooked. Good men and good women, in many places, are laboring zealously, perseveringly, successfully, in this behalf. All honor to them! But the necessities of the case are beyond the grasp of individual charity, organized or unorganized. The Government, the administration, must take this matter in hand, for they alone can successfully grapple with it. If they neglect this duty, our policy of "immediate emancipation" will prove to be an emancipation not merely from slavery, but from life.

### THREE POPULAR LECTURERS.

SATIRISTS, ancient and modern, are very fond of comparing public men to play-actors who strut and fret their brief hour upon the stage in borrowed finery and assumed characters. The popularity of this comparison proves its appropriateness; but still, in one respect at least, it is lamentably deficient. The play-actors acknowledge that their parts, like their dresses, are assumed for the occasion. Our public men, on the contrary, seem anxious to have us believe that they really are what they pretend to be. This is precisely as if Mr. Lester Wallack should attire himself in a fancy costume, a curled wig, and a painted face, and so parade the streets, spouting passages from the old comedies, and insisting before heaven and the police magistrates that he was Charles Surface or Neighbor Wildrake in propria persona.

If Mr. Lester Wallack were ever to undertake such a performance as we have described, can there be any doubt but that he would soon find himself either returned to the theater, with a hint to limit his acting to theatrical hours, or else confined in a mad-house, where he could indulge his vagaries at pleasure? And yet, if the rigid rules which the magis-

trates would apply to Mr. Lester Wallack were extended to other people, we should certainly have to build more theaters or more lunatic asylums. Who among our sham statesmen, our sham orators, our sham politicians, and, above all, our sham lecturers, would be unconfined? They are all pretenders, more or less. They are all acting unnatural parts. They are all trying to convince the public that they are what they are not. In a word, they are all nourishing sham reputations, and deserve to be exposed and rebuked.

Like Death, we love a shining mark; and therefore we shall pass by, for the present, the shams in Congress, at the Bar, on the Bench, and—why should we not say it?—upon the Press, and take up those greatest shams of all—the popular lecturers. Popular lecturers may be divided into three classes: the serious, the serio-comic, and the humorous. George William Curtis is a specimen of the serious lecturer. Stephen C. Massett is a pretty fair type of the serio-comic lecturer. At the head of the popular humorous lecturers stands Artemus Ward. The styles of the lectures delivered by these three gentlemen are, of course, very different; but, as we shall presently show, they are only different varieties of the same species, and take almost precisely the same methods to prepare their wares for the market and to advertise themselves and their shams.

Mr. Curtis is not only a popular lecturer, but also an author and a sort of journalist. He has been to Egypt, and formerly had some acquaintance with a lady named Prue. He sits in an easy chair in one of the magazines, and lounges about the office of an illustrated weekly. These positions upon the press afford him frequent opportunities of eulogizing popular lecturers in general and himself in particular. His lectures are a mere rehash of the numerous books he reads. For the rest, he has a pleasant voice, a good delivery, and a very good-looking face, and his terms to lyceums are one hundred dollars a night and traveling expenses—college commencements free.

Mr. S. C. Massett, the serio-comic sham, is also something more than a popular lecturer. Although he does not know a note of music, he claims to have composed several popular airs. He has written a few ballads, and adapted a great many more; and these he sings, whenever he has the chance, by way of advertisement. He can imitate actors and Englishmen, and gives his imitations at private parties, also by way of advertisement. He is acquainted with Mr. James T. Brady—a fact to which he constantly alludes, by way of advertisement, in conversation and in print. On the whole, Mr. Massett advertises himself more extensively than Mr. Curtis; but he does it more glaringly, and deceives fewer people. His lectures are mere patchwork—a bit of Massett, a bit of Mr. Winter, a bit of Shakespeare, a bit of James T. Brady, a bit of Mr. Anonymous, a bit of Forrest, a bit of the piano-forte, and a great deal of eye-glass, pomatum, perfume, and affectation. Where Mr. Curtis reads, Mr. Massett clips. Where Mr. Curtis uses the pen, Mr. Massett uses the scissors and the paste-pot. His price, like his method, is cheap. Twenty-five dollars a night will secure his services—"and all orders punctually attended to." Yet, among a certain set, Massett is esteemed as a great genius; and no lecturer secures better notices in the newspapers, since he usually writes them himself.

Mr. Artemus Ward is a young man with a Roman nose and a humorous turn of mind. He began his public career as the local editor of a country paper in Ohio. One rainy day, when local items were scarce, this young man perpetrated a letter from a showman, and signed it Artemus Ward—his sole design, as he avers, being to fill out a column of the paper. The letter was extensively copied, and he followed it up with a series, which made his reputation and a book. This book is said to have been read and laughed over by President Lincoln at certain Cabinet councils. This may or may not be true, but certainly the book is very funny and very silly. Mr. Ward's indiscreet friends then urged him to take the tide of fortune at its flood and become a popular lecturer. Mr. Ward is, we believe, a modest man, but he has a Yankee fondness for the almighty dollar. Consequently, he adopted the advice of his friends and began his rounds. Unfortunately, however, he soon discovered that he could not always command his humor, and that lectures were not so easy to write as letters. With business-like tact he immediately set to work to supply the deficiency. He employed three or four persons to collect jokes and witticisms, original and selected, and of these collections he made a hash, which he called a lecture, the peculiarity of which was that it had no beginning, no end, and no connection. To have a new lecture, therefore, he had only to change the title without altering a word of the manuscript. This explains the remarkable similarity between his "Sixty Minutes in Africa" and his "Struggle with the Ghosts."

This lecture, half a dozen taking titles for it, and a certain imbecile, innocent manner, resembling that of Dan Bryant, are Artemus Ward's stock in trade. We know of no other stock which yields such large returns, considering the value of the original investment. After realizing considerable money here, Mr. Ward has gone to California, where he pockets a couple of thousand dollars a night, if current and telegraphic reports be true. But it must be remembered that Mr. Ward's assistants help him to secure this fortune, and, we presume, share it with him. They are all connected

with the press, and thus not only supply him with the comic material for his lectures, but also praise and puff him, in one way or another, almost daily. As an instance of this, it may be mentioned that, whereas, in former times, every joke in the newspapers was credited to Mrs. Partington, now all the witticisms are attributed to Artemus Ward. This is a most subtle, delicate, and effective style of puffing, and it proves that Mr. Ward has selected his assistants with great care and skill. We wish that we could find another proof of their ability in the collections which they make for his lectures; but in fact nine-tenths of their jokes have no less a parent than Joseph Miller, Esq., and the others are to be heard, almost any evening, at the negro minstrels.

We have said enough, we trust, to show the flimsy foundation of the sham reputations which popular lecturers have—and which they boldly claim—as public teachers, whose mission it is to educate, and instruct, and refine the people. Some few popular lecturers are indeed worthy of this reputation, but the majority certainly are not. They collect together other people's sense or nonsense, wisdom or rubbish, as it may happen, and palm it off as their own. If they were to do the same thing with other than literary property, we should soon see them in prison instead of on the rostrum. Their reputations are based upon what they crib, not upon what they originate, and are therefore shams. Why under the sun sensible people should go to hear them we could never understand until we heard Artemus Ward relate the following anecdote, which is perfectly authentic and will explain this mystery: "One evening, after lecturing in Cincinnati," said Mr. Ward, "I returned to my hotel and found a big, burly man pacing before the clerk's desk and swearing at himself for being such a fool as to attend my lecture. I took a mental photograph of that individual, asked for my key, and retired. The next time I lectured in Cincinnati I was surprised to see that very man among my audience. He brought a large party with him, and sat the lecture through. At its close I procured an introduction to him, related the incident at the hotel, and asked him directly why he came to hear me again? 'Well,' said he, 'I am a little ashamed to be caught here; but I couldn't resist the temptation. I wanted to have the satisfaction of seeing three hundred as big fools as myself, sitting with their mouths wide open, while you gulled them out of their quarters!'"

### ARE WE PROSPEROUS?

THE Controller of the Currency, who is one of the highest officers in the Treasury Department, has addressed a circular to the banks which are organized under the new national plan, in which there is subject for profound thought. It is not always well to be looking on the bright side of things. It is not by any means certain that in so doing we shall not close our eyes to the most important dangers which threaten the nation. In the hurry and spirit of the hour, men are a little too apt to think doubt and consideration evidences of disloyalty, and caution and patience vices rather than virtues. This error has been made several times since the war began, and has resulted in great depression among the people when the truth dispelled the brilliant anticipations of enthusiastic hoppers. It is therefore a subject of congratulation that the Treasury Department itself gives sanction to the utterance of cautious words, fraught with apprehensions of evil, whereby we know that it is not deemed unpatriotic to warn the people of some of the dangers surrounding them, which very dangers too many of them look on as evidences of safety and progress.

Mr. McCullough, the Controller of the Currency, seems to be a man of clear mind and of frank utterance. He speaks with great plainness of speech, and evidently intends that the success of his administration of the currency, if success it be, shall not be due to any deception of the people, or concealment of the real truths of our condition. He therefore tells the banks distinctly not to be deceived by the present smiling condition of the commercial interests of the country, not to fall into the error of regarding inflation as prosperity. These are his words, and they are words of wisdom:

"Bear constantly in mind, although the loyal states appear superficially to be in a prosperous condition, that such is not the fact. That while the Government is engaged in the suppression of a rebellion of unexampled fierceness and magnitude, and is constantly draining the country of its laboring and producing population, and diverting its mechanical industry from works of permanent value to the construction of implements of war; while cities are crowded, and the country is to the same extent depleted, and waste and extravagance prevail as they never before prevailed in the United States, the nation, whatever may be the external indications, is not prospering. The war in which we are involved is a stern necessity, and must be prosecuted for the preservation of the Government, no matter what may be its cost; but the country will unquestionably be the poorer every day it is continued. The seeming prosperity of the loyal states is owing mainly to the large expenditures of the Government and the redundant currency which these expenditures seem to render necessary. Keep these facts constantly in mind, and manage the affairs of your respective banks with a perfect consciousness that the apparent prosperity of the country will be proved to be unreal when the war is closed, if not before, and be prepared, by careful management of the trust committed to you, to help to save the nation from a financial collapse, instead of lending your influence to make it more certain and more severe."

"The apparent prosperity of the country will be proved to be unreal when the war is closed," says the Treasury Department to the people of the country, and the warning comes not a moment too soon. It demands attention. But this



attention must not be given vaguely. It will not do for men to think that the advice concerns some general body known as "the commercial world," and not themselves. It must be the individual concern of every man. For the want of prosperity unquestionably enters all the departments of labor and capital. It touches the households of the poor and the rich. All that seems easy and cheap now must be paid for. The large receipts of the present time must be balanced against a coming time of very different character. The danger which threatens is therefore one most imminent, and reaching all. It may be seen to some extent if one will imagine the receipt, to-morrow morning, of intelligence that the Government will no longer purchase arms, provisions, and munitions of war; that the contest is over, and the Government has no longer need of these things. What would be the effect of that announcement on the industrial pursuits of the nation? To realize it, imagine one factory village where the people are to-day wholly employed in making goods for army use. The receipt of such an announcement would be like the burning down of all the mills in the place. It would cause men, women, and children to look at one another in blank astonishment, and then inquire, "Where shall we go to find employment?" The shock of a fire destroying the mill in a factory village and suspending work and wages, is known to those who have felt or seen it. Just such a shock will be felt from end to end of the land, in every department of industry, in all branches of trade, when the war shall have closed.

This is but one view to be taken of the perilousness of our condition. Another as important, but perhaps not as plain and practical to the view of the ordinary reader, is to be found in a study of the present financial condition of the nation. It is a bold confession of the Treasury Department that our prosperity is seeming, not actual, but we wish there was always as much boldness and frankness displayed in the management of public affairs as Mr. McCullough exhibits. Doubtless, if he were asked why he utters such a warning, he would reply that the laws which regulate currency are laws of God as much as the laws of gravitation, of magnetism, of light, heat, electricity. They may be temporarily interrupted in their action. An iron ball may be temporarily suspended in air, by a post under it, or a string holding it, but the law operates, and time will show that the suspension is artificial, and whenever the artificial support fails, is removed, or decays, the ball will go down; and that time is sure to come, sooner or later. So the laws of currency may be interrupted, and the appearance of things be such as promise permanence, but the end of the temporary interruption will come, and then we shall see that the promises were false. Let men be prepared for such events. It is not for the creation of any sentiment of discouragement or despair that we say these things, but rather for the real interests of the people, that care, prudence, and economy may be the ruling principles of the hour.

#### BALLOONS, TELEGRAPHS, AND SIGNALS IN WAR.

WE cannot claim the invention or original application of these valuable accessories for ourselves in the present war, for at the battle of Fleurus, in 1794, Jourdan made use of a balloon for the purpose of observing the movements of the enemy. Signals were used in 1809 to enable Napoleon to communicate between Paris and Ratisbon. They were also employed by the French during the siege of Sebastopol to communicate between the different portions of their army. The same nation used the magnetic telegraph during the Italian campaign of 1859. But Gay Lussac made only one ascension for military purposes, and very little use was made of the balloon in the campaign of Magenta and Solferino. The signals used by Napoleon, and in the Crimea, were imperfect, slow, and of very limited utility. It was regarded as a miracle of rapidity that Napoleon received at Paris in twenty-four hours the intelligence of the passage of the Inn by the Archduke Charles, 250 leagues distant, and that, starting immediately, he had in eight days afterward won two battles in the vicinity of Ratisbon. It was this celebrated journey which was compared to "the rapidity of light." Yet in these days, with the aid of magnetic telegraphs and express trains, the intelligence might be transmitted and a similar journey performed within the twenty-four hours then consumed in forwarding the news. The magnetic telegraphs of the third Napoleon in Italy were used on a comparatively small field where no obstacles existed to their prompt construction. We can justly assert that we have systematized ballooning, invented a system of signals which almost rivals the magnetic telegraph, and used the latter on a grand scale and under great difficulties.

It is proposed to state a few facts as to the manner of using these accessories to military operations, and to explain their real value. The use of balloons in war is to gain an elevated point of observation from which the observer can look down upon the position of the enemy, and see behind and over the natural obstacles to the vision of an observer on the ground, thus obtaining knowledge of what is going on in rear of the enemy's position, as well as taking in the whole field at one general glance. Long practice is necessary for the proper use of the balloon, and the observer

should be an experienced officer of cool and tried judgment.

Looking down, as one must, from a balloon, the ground appears almost as a flat surface, and it is very difficult to judge of its topographical accidents. The constant tendency of the car to roll and rotate renders it difficult to use a glass or take detailed and thoroughly accurate observations of the positions and numbers of the enemy. In a wooded country it is impossible for the aeronaut to see what is within the woods or immediately behind them. The small size of objects as seen from the balloon, combined with its unsteadiness, also affect the value of this method of reconnaissance, which is necessarily undertaken at some distance from the enemy, and only in calm weather and in a clear atmosphere.

It will thus be seen that the balloon cannot always be relied upon for accurate and detailed information; but it is nevertheless a very useful accessory, for it frequently affords the means of ascertaining valuable general facts—such as, the position and approximate strength of the enemy's reserves, the situation and extent of his camps, the roads and the movements of troops and trains in rear of his front line, the course of streams and similar obstacles, the situation and general extent of works of fortification, the relative situation and extent of forests and clearings. It must be observed, however, that in proportion as the objects observed are more distant, in other words, as the visual ray becomes more nearly horizontal, the results are less trustworthy; for instance, in a country not quite half of which is cleared land the forests conceal the clearings, and at the distance of a very few miles the whole presents the appearance of an unbroken forest. In a siege, or under circumstances where the balloon can be used at the distance of a mile or two from the objects to be observed, or in a country that is well cleared of timber, this method of reconnaissance will be found very useful. The balloons employed in the field are inflated by means of portable gas generators, mounted on four wheels, which can be drawn by six mules wherever the trains of an army can pass. The balloons themselves are similar to those used by aeronauts in their ordinary ascensions, and are held by four very light and strong cords attached to the car, and passed through pulleys firmly secured to the ground. Each of these cords is managed by from five to ten men, according to the size of the balloon and the force of the wind, who, guided by the signals or voice of the aeronaut in the car, allow the balloon to ascend gently and steadily to the required height, and in the same manner draw it back to the ground when necessary. An elevation of about 1000 feet above the ground from which it started is found to be, under ordinary circumstances, about the maximum at which the balloon can thus be used to advantage. Communication is maintained with the ground either by the voice, signals, or the magnetic telegraph.

We have seen that balloons are employed to obtain intelligence; telegraphs and signals are used to communicate it. Signals of some kind have been in use from the earliest ages, and among the most ignorant barbarians. As mechanical ingenuity increased, telegraphs were employed, and gradually improved until at last the climax of the magnetic telegraph was reached in our own generation. One of the earliest methods of signaling, still used by the Indians, is by means of smoke by day and fires at night, kindled on elevated points. A prearranged combination of certain numbers of fires, repeated at certain intervals, suffices to communicate the few facts of chief interest to these simple people. Riding around in a circle at a walk is often used by the Indians as a signal to call their comrades toward them; if they move in the circle at a gallop, it is a signal to come rapidly. Such are a few examples of the simple methods employed to convey intelligence through the organs of vision, and they might be multiplied to a great extent. It is well known that the transmission of intelligence to great distances by a well-organized system of relays of mounted and foot couriers was carried into practice by the nations of antiquity. At last the primitive telegraph was employed in Europe, probably borrowed from the Chinese. It generally consisted of a vertical post supporting two wooden arms which could be moved around pivots to any angle with the horizon. The different combinations thus made by the various positions of the arms had their proper meaning, and furnished the means of communicating intelligence. Twenty years ago any one residing within sight of the Highlands of the Hudson must have noticed at night the flashing of the colored lights which told the inhabitants of the metropolis what was transpiring in Albany. But the magnetic telegraph has now supplanted these rough systems in most civilized countries, and has been applied by us to military purposes wherever practicable.

Communications upon military subjects of moment are now generally made in the loyal states by the magnetic telegraph, or, as we may say simply, by the telegraph. As our armies advance, the telegraph is repaired or constructed in their rear, and they are thus in almost uninterrupted telegraphic connection with the Capitol. When an army remains in the same position for a few days, its headquarters are often connected with those of the corps or divisions by the telegraph. The chief utility of the ordinary telegraph to an army in the field is to enable its commander to communicate

rapidly with his base of operations, and thus, in connection with the railways, to insure the prompt and certain control of his supplies and re-enforcements. Its value in this regard can hardly be exaggerated. But with all the skill and energy of the telegraph builders a certain amount of time is necessary to construct a new line, so that when an army makes no long halts it is seldom possible to have the telegraphic connection complete from the rear to headquarters, or between its different corps. To supply this deficiency portable telegraphs and signals are used. The former consist of thin, flexible wires, covered with gutta-percha, or other insulating material, wound around a reel mounted in a cart, which also carries the battery, dials, and other necessary instruments and material. The wire is reeled off as the cart moves rapidly on, and is laid on the ground, on fences, on light poles, or attached to trees. Telegraphic communication is thus very rapidly established between the headquarters of the various fractions of an army, whether in camp or on the field of battle. But the nature of the ground, want of material, or other circumstances, frequently render this method impracticable, and the want is then supplied by signals.

There is no doubt but that we have the most perfect system of signals extant. It is the invention of Surgeon, now Colonel Albert I. Myer, United States Army. This system has been thoroughly tried under almost all imaginable circumstances during the past three years, and has generally proved equal to the wants of the service. The signals are made with flags by day and lights at night, and are communicable up to the limits of distinct vision with powerful glasses, so that when the atmosphere is clear, and elevated points attainable for stations, the latter may be situated at intervals of several miles.

The flags are some three feet square, of colors best adapted to distinct vision under different conditions of the light, atmosphere, and background, and are mounted on staffs some five or six feet long. The principle on which they are used may be thus exemplified: The signal man stands with his staff vertical, the flag uppermost; with a rapid motion he causes the staff to describe a quarter of a circle to the right, bringing it horizontal—this may signify the letter A; he brings it to the vertical position again, and immediately back to the horizontal—this double motion may mean B; from horizontal on the right to horizontal on the left may mean C. By combinations of different motions, the letters of the alphabet, and the most frequently recurring words or phrases, may thus be signaled with great rapidity. Of course the key, or the signification of each motion, is occasionally changed as a precaution. At night two lights are used on the same principle; one is fixed, and when the other is directly over it, it corresponds to the vertical position of the flag. The duty of the signal parties is not only to transmit intelligence from other stations, but also to observe all movements within sight, and report them promptly to headquarters. During an engagement, signal parties are posted at the best points of observation, as well as at the different general, corps, and division headquarters, and keep up the chain of intelligence throughout the field. They have also proved of great utility in communicating between our gunboats and the co-operating troops on shore.

By means of the telegraph and signals much valuable time is saved; for messages of considerable length may thus be transmitted in a few minutes, when it would require hours to deliver them by mounted messengers. The saving in the wear and tear of men and horses thus effected is a very considerable item.

#### CAMERA LUCIDA PICTURES.

##### THE SHABBY NEIGHBORHOOD.

IF I have a preference, it is for a poor and shabby neighborhood, with its dirt and medley of sights. The actors in its minor dramas are purely natural and strongly marked. Suppose me now in the very heart of sweltering poverty, which sticks out and seeks notoriety in every possible form, animate and inanimate. The very paving-stones speak of neglect; they have vast cavernous openings fast choking with dirt; promontories and capes jutting out into seas of filth; sloughs of despond in which Christian children wallow and luxuriate like hippopotami in Nile mud. The doors and windows of such a neighborhood have their own histories, which they chronicle in every crack and crevice, every broken panel, and in every swinging hinge. There are other and more general interests which surround such spots, and which lead me in my wanderings into opposite and discursive reasonings. As I have often thought of this, and have, as it were, reduced my questions to a certain rude order and subordination, I am enabled to convey them in a crude form. I wonder (this is generally the first which rises in my mind) why so many children are to be found where it would seem there should be few? Why these children are not decimated by "moving accidents," or whether, being so decimated, their places are not immediately filled by others, alike in size, age, and dirt? Why lounging is the universal and irresistible feeling amongst the adults, who are certainly not lazy? Why the women, in such places, prefer the windows (at which they lean, sit, chat, quarrel, and work), not



for the view, and surely not for the air? It must be from powerful curiosity, allied probably to a neighborly sympathy. The obstruction of the streets by carts and wagons, I think, is deducible from the fact of every one being too poor and insignificant to complain with any pretension of resentment or any hope of being heard. I esteem it, however, one of the grandest questions, why bakers and undertakers are so amicably disposed in districts where doctors and druggists are so seldom in friendly contiguity? It is, too, a curious fact that the cast-off fragments and odds and ends which bestrew the place are better than those which are kept and worn. There are, of course, answers to these and all other questions, but new enigmas rise as thickly as dust and misery accumulate in the spot which gives them birth.

That man, standing, or rather leaning, against the door, and who eyes you so quickly and so keenly, is a fair sample of those who are born, live, and die in the poor neighborhood. There is nothing in his face suggestive of any characteristic, and his dress may be of any description (so motley is poverty), but there is a crushed, faded look, like a pall between him and pure life. The child who is playing at his feet, its face seamed and scarred with dirt, scratches, and unhealed sores, is a picture of what he was, of what his neighbors were, and of what his child is. His look, marked and written in a legible hand, is the same on all—a page on which neglect and ignorance write their names in living characters. Women here are also lounging and gossiping, their world one of a few streets, their subject, themselves.

The whole picture is not, however, gloomy, for there is a humor which it is vain to seek for elsewhere. Rags and wit are kindred. Whilst a grim moral lengthens itself before your eyes, there is an undercurrent of careless, thoughtless fun, forming one of those contrasts of which life is so full—contrasts so sad, so merry, so dark, so sparkling, and, withal, so various, that we seem constantly stepping from the sunlight to catch a flitting shade, from which anon we emerge into light.

If you wish to hear the pure folk-lore, you must go to the country; but if you would hear a language which poets might bend to learn, come to my "shabby neighborhood." It is true there are no Chesterfields, but there are the sense and spirit conveyed in powerful words. Shut your ears to the adjectives, drop the grammatical errors, excuse the dialects, and you will find the words making sense and sound in terse sentences—such a language that the action follows with magic speed the speech, and thick heads master matter by a flash of dictionary.

The charm which the wrong side of a city shows, in variety is never-ending. Shops, houses, lodgings are always changing proprietors and tenants. Nothing is stable except the poverty which welcomes every denizen of its province with volunteers ever ready to act as body-guard and lounging-corps to the new-comer, as well to the emigrant from the "low locality" as to a flotsam or jetsam in the shape of some "genteel" person drifting along this unknown coast. Perhaps no more remarkable thing can be witnessed than the excitement attending the birth, marriage, or funeral of one of their clique. If a birth, the interest is exclusively among the females, who are never in greater dignity or more confidential relations. It is discussed in every way, and at all hours, whilst the fact is fresh; but, like many other things in the place, it soon fades, and is replaced by perhaps the other picture in life's drama—a burial. On this occasion the males feel that they are compromised if they evince no interest. They do so, but for the most part it is one of the senses, not of feeling, for, heaven help them! they have none to spare. The show, however, serves well to excite without cost, and interest without sacrifice, and they accordingly devote themselves to the labor with alacrity. A marriage is slightly depreciated here, but should the actors be found, and their means permit of any gairish display, they may be sure of an audience.

This territory has many kings, who hold their court for the most part at corners, and even condescend to traffic with their subjects. Their merchandise is various, and their dealings are neither governed by the laws which regulate commerce, nor the fears which restrain impostors. A mighty fellow is this corner tyrant, dealing strict edicts to his poor dependents, along with direful threats of curtailed credits and oppressive measures. Whilst sickness and famine make their rounds, this monarch holds high court, at which the abject subjects whimper, tremble, and fawn. He, glorious ruffian, laughs, and deals them shortened weights at lengthened prices, and lays in gold coined out of their cheeks and despairing misery. He and his fellows have, however, a rival of no mean proportion, who fights, tooth and nail, for every scrap, and mostly is a victor. His palace is more charming, and he has magic wares, golden draughts, bonied balsams, lethean drops, which he dispenses with more liberal hands than his rivals do their wares. His palace is Eldorado, the land of sunlight, the realms of pleasure, the fairy circle to the poor wretched subject—for a period—till the frost-work melts, the air-drawn castle vanishes, and brings remorse and misery, as twin handmaids, to the waking Tantalus. There are other petty sovereigns, preying upon the refuse of the sacrifice, catching stray

morsels, and fattening at a respectable distance from their richer mates.

The interest, to me, of a "seedy" street diminishes when I find luxurious attempts. I have left many of the choicest on account of a new sign or a coat of paint. It is not that I dislike luxury, but it interferes with my reading of character and my construction of fabrics from ruins. Some mounds of dust, broken pavements, and closed houses have a tender association I am always loath to break. One house in particular, in the midst of like things, still bears its battered walls, broken windows, and gaudy bill-covered boarding, with such a noble presence that I have compared it to the body of Cæsar—great in ruins. The irregularity of form, the contrasts of color, are but so much outline suggestive of a story, and all is to me a kaleidoscope of reflective matter.

#### TWO BLUSH-ROSES.

##### I.

A BLUSH-ROSE lay in the summer,  
There were golden lights in the sky,  
And a woman saw the blossom  
As she stood with her lover nigh.

A band in the flowering distance  
Played a dreamy Italian air,  
Like a memory set to music,  
And it drifted everywhere.

'Twas an exiled love of its Southland,  
That air, and its delicate wails  
Were only the wandering echoes  
Of the songs of nightingales.

"I love you," he tenderly whisper'd,  
"I love you," she answered as low;  
And the music grew sweeter and sweeter—  
Because it had listen'd, I know.

But she look'd at the rose in the summer,  
And said, with a tremulous tear,  
"The love that now beats in my bosom  
Will bloom in a blush-rose next year."

##### II.

A blush-rose lay in the summer,  
There were golden lights in the sky,  
And a woman saw the blossom  
As she stood with her lover nigh.

The band in the flowering distance  
Play'd the dreamy Italian air,  
Like a memory changed to music,  
And it drifted everywhere.

"I love you," he tenderly whisper'd,  
"I love you," she timidly said;  
And the music grew sadder and sadder,  
And the blush-rose before them dropp'd dead.

Then he knew that the music remember'd,  
And knew the love that had beat  
Last year in her beautiful bosom,  
Lay dead in the rose at his feet.

#### WANDERINGS IN THE TRACK OF THE NORTHMEN.

##### VOYAGE TO ICELAND.

WHILE we have been discussing the claims of the Northmen to a prominent place in history, the good steamer Ganger Rofe has steadily kept upon her old track across the North Sea, and has brought us once more to the shores of "Merrie England," which they were so fond of invading. We have no time to lose, and four days after landing, we find ourselves on board the little Arcturus, in the harbor of Leith, ready for the Iceland voyage. Our little boat seems better fitted for summer excursions upon some Highland lake than to tempt the stormy seas of the North. We can hardly increase our confidence in her strength by comparing her diminutive form and light machinery with the huge hull and engines of the Cunarder that had borne us across the Atlantic. But then she has made the voyage before under the same young Danish captain that now commands her. This is certainly in her favor. She is no doubt a bonny craft compared with those in which the Northmen sailed over the same seas. She is the best that offers—in fact the only one—so we must trust ourselves to her for the voyage. In the cabin we have a very small but very pleasant company, and the acquaintances formed during this Icelandic voyage are among the most pleasant of my life, as I doubt not they will be among the most lasting. Among the passengers were two gentlemen who have already published very entertaining books on Iceland as the result of this tour—Captain Forbes, of the Royal Navy, and Mr. Andrew James Symington, of Scotland.

At length we cast off and steam out of the docks, with that sad feeling which must ever oppress the landsman when he finds himself upon the ocean commencing a long voyage—an ocean that he remembers has its tales of woe—that knows no pity—that yearly takes thousands down to its oozy bed to return no more till the sea gives up its

dead. He calculates the chances of storm and wave, of sunken rock and reefy shores, until there seems surely but a step between himself and death. The seaman may forget all this in the constant routine of his sea-going life; but in the note-book of the landsman's mind it is entered on a new leaf, in bold characters which he cannot fail to read.

As we pass out upon the Frith of Forth, the mists settle around us so densely that anchor is cast to wait for another day. The morning came bright and clear, and in its glancing light our little vessel moves out upon the broad waters, and obedient to the pilot's command turns gracefully toward the north and bears us along in sight of the bold romantic coast of Scotland. We pass the dreaded Orkneys and the Shetland Isles, like clouds of blue resting on the water, and on the morning of the third day see rising from the ocean and looming higher and higher the beetling crags of the Faroe groups. These islands rise like mighty ruined pyramids, with terraces of crumbling trap-rock that might have been laid by giant hands—their bases pierced by caverns through which the waters roll—their shelving sides tenanted by multitudes of sea-birds. On Stromoe, the largest of the group, is Thorshaven, the capital. The capital! With this word we associate all that is brilliant and powerful in a nation. Well, here we have it in the capital of these simple Islanders, the Faroese. We came to anchor in the little harbor, shut in by lofty island hills, and the town is before us. It has perhaps eight hundred inhabitants, though it hardly seems possible that it can contain half so many. The houses are low—of the somber hue of tar—their roofs mostly protected by a layer of earth and turf, where the grass seems to make its most luxuriant growth. They are huddled together at all possible angles, as though dropped down by chance, separated by crooked, narrow, rambling paths among the rocks that could not be dignified with the name of streets—the whole town pervaded with a mingled odor of fish and rancid oil. The inhabitants are above the state in which the poverty of their country compels them to dwell. They have a dress and a dialect peculiar to themselves. A long cloth cap of red and blue hangs jauntily from the head—a long loose jacket with knee-breeches plentifully adorned with metal buttons, and long stockings to meet them, complete the costume.

They have few of the deep-cut lines that furrow the features of those who battle for wealth and fame in the great world from which they are shut off. I could not but remark that even in the old men there was mingled with the true dignity of manhood the simplicity of manner and the peculiar expression of the child. They kindly volunteered to show the wonders of their island home. The church, the library, and the fort are the "lions" of the capital. The church, in its neatness and all its surroundings, shows a religious people. They tread within its simple antique walls as though on holy ground. And the cemetery around it bears the same marks of care and of fond affection for those who have passed away. The library shows that they are a reading people, but the fort does not speak very highly for their warlike proclivities. Its defenseless state is, however, the fault of their rulers, the Danes. It is a simple inclosure of earth and stone, with four small cannon lying on the ground, a flag-staff on which the Danish flag was then fluttering in honor of our arrival, and miserable barracks where three or four soldiers make their home. The whole garrison does not consist of more than eight or ten men—a representation of power, I suppose, for of what practical use they or their fort could be it would puzzle any one to tell.

#### GOthic VERSUS CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE.

##### I.

IN the architecture of America, the Gothic, save for ecclesiastical purposes, has had anything but a prominent position, and even the best specimens of the art to be seen on this side of the Atlantic, with a few, very few exceptions, would not be tolerated for a moment by a disciple of Pugin, who would hold up his hands with holy horror as he surveyed our feeble efforts to reproduce Medieval art. With us, clearly, the Gothic has never been popular, and a great change will have to be wrought in the public mind to give it a permanent position for civic purposes; whereas in England the Gothicists are threatening to overcome the Classic School and do away with every style of art but that of the Middle Ages, now revived and reproduced with a fidelity that has called forth the admiration of the many who can see no beauty in aught not of a Medieval type. But Gothicists cannot hope for entire success till they have agreed among themselves in regard to many points in dispute relative to important details connected with their favorite style, to say nothing of the difficulty they find in deciding which period in its rise and development shall be the basis of the new school.

At present, interest in Gothic architecture does not date back more than half a century—hardly so long. The first real impulse was given to it by the writings and drawings of Pugin, published in 1835. The next shining light was Ruskin, an enthusiastic admirer of the architecture of the Middle Ages, as all his works attest, and we know him to be a prolific writer. His advice, "Don't do anything to imitate this cathedral or that, however beautiful," has been little



headed by the men who boast that their best works have for their chief merit the fact of their being reproductions of some edifice erected in the thirteenth or fourteenth century.

Mr. Scott, an architect of great ability, is at the present time in the foremost ranks in all discussions of the relative merits of Grecian and Medieval art. In one of his addresses he says of Ruskin he has done more, Pugin alone excepted, than any other men as a champion of Gothic art; but Ruskin does not seem to have the same exalted opinion of Pugin's abilities, as may be gathered from these words: "Expect no cathedrals from him (Pugin); but no one, at present, can design a better final, though he will never design even a final perfectly." Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

It was Mr. Scott, we believe, who first declared Medieval art to be the true Christian art. How he can maintain such an assertion we are at a loss to know; for the mind instantly reverts to the long period that existed in the world's history between the time when the early Christians were called from the dark vaults of the catacombs (where they had long worshiped in sorrow and in tears) to witness the baptism of Constantine and take part in the consecration of a church (classic in its architecture, certainly), down through centuries marked by the erection of many a basilica, to the Middle Ages, the era of the Gothic—a style of art brought home by the Crusaders from their wars against the Saracens, and which, after a brief existence—brief when compared with that of classic art—fell into disuse just at a time when the Church, which alone had fostered and developed Gothic art, was emerging from the darkness that preceded the Reformation.

Gothic art, like every other art, had its rise and gradual development, which is so marked that one well versed in its history can tell the date, in almost every case, of any particular building by an inspection of its details. There must have been constant changes, for to perfection we cannot attain at once. The style was not the creation of a day; it did not spring into being from the brain of some one devotee, as Minerva came from the brain of Jupiter, else had it died long ago, lacking that vitality which comes from long and patient study and the adaptation of special means to each and every new want as it was carried forward, step by step, to the perfection that marked the fourteenth century. The founders of the Gothic of the Middle Ages worked to one end—the elevation of the Church—and to promote this they left nothing undone. The art was studied and brought to perfection by pious monks. They wrought with a singleness of purpose—a veneration of things holy, and an abiding love that could accept of nothing not the best that heart and hand could give for the adornment of the Church. Its outline was that of the cross on which its Gread Head had suffered and died; its walls were adorned with effigies of saints and martyrs; its vaulted roof was rich in forms of beauty, and the light of heaven found its way to the sacred precincts within through storied windows; whilst the sculptor's chisel adorned every angle and column with leaves and tendrils carved from the flowers of the field and the lilies of the valley. All was the work of love, for it was the house of God they were adorning; and what they have left to us, we should value and preserve—but not reproduce, till the art of that period supersedes every other style.

The monks who carried the art to so high a position had no ordinary task before them, for the minds of men were too much occupied by other things to give much heed to a change of architecture, even in the Church. Germany was ripening for the Reformation that shook it to the foundation; Italy was distracted by the endless quarrels of the Guelfs and Ghibelines; France was smarting under the defeat of her armies, and humiliated to see her king a prisoner on British soil, whilst England was bent on following up the advantages resulting from the occupation of Calais; Spain and Portugal were overrun by the Moors; Switzerland was struggling for the independence that was acknowledged by Maximilian at the close of the fifteenth century; Denmark and her northern *confrères* had united and made common cause, the better to carry out their piratical proclivities; and Bohemia was mourning her terrible losses on the field of Crecy. Yet, amidst all this tumult, the founders of the finest Gothic structures worked on to the consummation of their plans, and the perfection of the style they had adopted for the Church.

It has been inculcated by the best artists in every age that the student should do but little copying—none after he has acquired sufficient knowledge of art to stand alone, and has passed beyond the walls of the academy. Now what should be said of the Medievalists who, with a blind devotion to their speciality (the restoration of a style of which, till recently, so little was known), do nothing but copy or reproduce every Gothic building that claims to have been erected during the Middle Ages, and who severely denounce every departure from the rules laid down by the Purists, as they like to be called? Following such a course, all originality is sacrificed to an idea, and that, too, in a field where the profession is continually called upon to produce a new style. The public mind can no more be satisfied with an obsolete style than with a dead language. We desire to retain a knowledge of the one and carefully to preserve what has been handed down to us by the other. We should take the same pains to preserve the fragments of architecture

and the efforts of the sculptor's chisel, on the one hand, as the antiquarian displays, on the other, when deciphering the inscriptions that date from past ages; but as to grafting the architecture of the fourteenth century on that of the nineteenth, as soon might we think of requiring our children to exchange their pot-hooks for Punic characters, or commit to memory the Delphic oracles. How could we adapt ourselves to the idioms of our own language as spoken five hundred years ago, and why expect us to fall back on the architectural grammar of a past age? The Classicists do not pretend to enforce this on their followers: why should the Gothicists be more exacting? There would be just as much propriety in an attempt to revive the costume, habits, manners, and tastes of the Middle Ages, as to confine ourselves blindly to the architecture of that period.

Man is progressive. He has a wise old saw, "Live and learn." We learn of the past, and should endeavor to improve on what it has done. We must progress, or lapse into barbarism. There is no middle ground. The art of the Medievalists teaches us this; for when, after its rapid rise, it had attained to the perfection which marked the fourteenth century, instead of making further progress, it rapidly declined. The arts of past generations serve us best when they teach us how to advance to a higher degree of civilization. The arts of Egypt were expanded, not blindly followed, by the Grecians. The Romans borrowed the arts of the Grecians, and adapted them to their own wants; and although they often in so doing violated the laws of proportion established by their Attic teachers, they have, nevertheless, left us much to admire and value, to say nothing of the arch, which they taught us how to use. The nations of Northern Europe gleaned in the rich fields of Italy, and adapted to their own rugged hills and boisterous clime a style of architecture originally designed for the lagoons of Venice and the banks of the Tiber; and now, with all the rich stores of the past before us, with a scientific development surpassing anything the world has seen in times gone by, the call for a style of architecture to mark the age is met by an effort to carry us back centuries—to a period that has not inaptly been called the dark ages, when the Church, that alone fostered the arts, was torn by internal dissensions; when Dante peopled hell with those whose duty it was to lead the steps of man heavenward, and Petrarch called for a return to the primitive Church, which Church, whatever the Medievalists may say about their own being in the true Christian style of architecture, worshiped in buildings of Classic form—a Roman rendering of the architecture of Greece.

#### MEMORIES OF MEN OF MARK: LITERARY AND OTHER.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

**A**MONG the numerous beautiful and characteristic letters quoted by Mr. Pierre M. Irving, in the fourth and last volume of his "Life and Letters" of his revered and honored uncle, are several to his niece, Mrs. Storow, of Paris, whom we frequently had the pleasure to meet in our earlier visits to Sunnyside. She was the daughter of Mr. Irving's sister, Mrs. Paris, and was one of the most amiable and affectionate of young women and most warmly and devotedly attached to her beloved uncle. Being the eldest of his nieces, she was almost a mother to them all.

We remember well Mr. Irving's remark touching young gentlemen (of most unexceptionable character and position, of course) "*swooping*" about Sunnyside, and diverting the attention of his nieces; and the favored one coming to ask his permission to address his niece, "as if," said Mr. Irving, "the whole matter had not been arranged beforehand! Now here is one in Paris, and another on the banks of the beautiful Cayuga, both happy, thank God, in their new relations; but I miss them so much that when I have a twinge or am asthmatically inclined, I don't lay it to the weather!"

But to return: Mr. Irving, writing to his niece, Mrs. Storow, in Paris, says, speaking of the cemetery beyond Tarrytown on the north and east, and overlooking the Hudson:

"The cemetery, which is secured by an act of the legislature, takes in a part of the Beckman Woods, and commands one of the most beautiful views of the Hudson. The spot I have purchased is on the southern slope (the sepulchral 'Sunnyside'), just on the edge of the old church-yard, which is included in the cemetery. I have had it inclosed with an iron railing, and shall have evergreens set around it. It is shaded by a grove of young oaks.

"There I have seen the remains of the family gathered together and interred, where they cannot be again disturbed; and a vast satisfaction it was to have rescued them from that restless city, where nothing is sacred. As I was selecting this place of sepulture, I thought of Byron's lines:

"Then look around,  
And choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest!"

"I have marked out my resting-place by my mother's side, and a space is left for me there."

To our conception, the thought of being buried by the side of his mother is exceedingly characteristic and beautiful. Even in old age his love for his mother was strengthened by years. His last wish to be buried by her side recalls a paragraph in a Maine newspaper exchange, which

we showed to Mr. Irving, sitting, on a breezy morning, on a wooden bench in one of the pleasant walks adjoining the cottage. It was of an ancient citizen of New Hampshire, nearly one hundred years old, who, in a temporary dimness of intellect, upon the bed from which he was never to be moved in life, repeatedly exclaimed, "I want to see mother; where is mother?"

As was natural, Mr. Irving regarded this as an affecting incident, and the thought of the moment turned to Margaret's wish in "Faust," to be buried between her lover and her babe—"between the two; not too far off from either; close by each."

*Apropos* of the cemetery in which Mr. Irving's honored remains repose, with those of his kindred, here is a note which, in this connection, will not be without interest:

"MY DEAR CLARK:

"I send you herewith a plan of a rural cemetery, projected by some of the worthies of Tarrytown, on the woody hills adjacent to the Sleepy Hollow church. I have no pecuniary interest in it, yet I hope it may succeed, as it will keep that beautiful and umbrageous neighborhood sacred from the anti-poetical and all-leveling ax. Besides, I trust that I shall one day lay my bones there. The projectors are plain, matter-of-fact men, but are already, I believe, aware of the blunder which they have committed in naming it the 'Tarrytown' instead of the 'Sleepy-Hollow' Cemetery. The latter name would have been enough of itself to secure the patronage of all desirous of sleeping quietly in their graves.

"I beg you to correct this oversight, should you, as I trust you will, notice this sepulchral enterprise.

"I hope, as the spring opens, you will accompany me in one of my brief visits to Sunnyside, when we will make another trip to Sleepy Hollow, and (thunder and lightning permitting) have a colloquy among the tombs.

"Yours, very truly,

"WASHINGTON IRVING.

"New York, April 27, 1849."

In that rural cemetery Washington Irving reposes among his loved and beloved kindred. In a summer sojourn at the Ferry named of Dobb, classical in Revolutionary history, we frequented every Sunday the little Episcopal church which crowns the apex of the hill, which looks out from a lesser elevation upon the broad bosom of the Hudson, at its most expansive breadth, at the Tappan Zee. And about the middle of the west side of the little church there was a marble slab, very plain, yet of a "sable silver," bearing the name "Peter Irving," with his age and the date of his death. This was the old Greenburgh, then the homestead of the Irving family, if we do not mistake. But now they all sleep together in a homestead which shall last through eternity.

It is of Mr. Peter Irving that we desire to say a very few words. Mr. Washington Irving said this: "When I was in Spain, and had in my mind the history of Columbus, my brother Peter was my right-hand man. He it was who ought to be called the author of that work."

And when we went up stairs to bed one night at Sunnyside (in the very room where Mr. Irving dropped dead in his niece's arms), he preceded us with two sperm candles, walking backward in mock ceremony, saying as he entered: "There are four hundred volumes in the choicest Spanish; juiciest Castilian. You can read every one of them to-night. They are good editions; authentic, every one of them; all selected by my brother in Madrid; some in Seville; and those four brown ones from Burgos."

Here was the beauty, the characteristic beauty of what Mr. Irving said: He declared that his brother was the author of his History of Columbus. And he spoke of his death with so much emotion that it made one feel that he desired that the whole merit of the book should be passed to the credit of his brother.

And of this, and other matters, somewhat more in another and concluding number.

#### BRITISH INDIA.

**I**F it had chanced that any one in the British Parliament had risen one hundred years ago or so, when some matter of the "small company of British merchants trading to the East Indies" was mentioned in its proceedings (for it could scarcely have attained to the dignity of a debate), and had declared that even the Nabobship of Bengal would yet be a British province, there cannot be the slightest doubt that he would have been listened to with the utmost incredulity. But what would have been the degree of ridicule of the wits of the honorable House of Commons, if he had proceeded to declare that Bengal would not form the boundary? that Great Britain would yet be the sovereign of an Indian territory more than five times the size of France, and more than ten times the size of the British Isles, governing more than two hundred millions of subjects, and influencing two hundred millions more. The next matter of surprise might be, that the British force in Hindostan would probably exceed that of the whole army of France in the time of her most splendid monarch, Louis XIV., a force of three hundred thousand men, and one thousand pieces of artillery in the field; completing the political and moral prophecy, by predicting that a little more than a couple of generations would witness its completion. It would have required the largest measure of personal respect to make such a soothsayer listened to with pa-



tionce. His views would have been called dreams—his calculations rejected as the conjectures of a disordered fancy—his anticipations ridiculed as the sport of a spirit inclined to try the utmost extent to which public council could be deluded by the passion for conquest or the captivations of oratory.

The country in which this vast establishment has been founded, is among the most magnificent in the world. From north to south, from the snowy pinnacles of the great chain which rises between India and Tartary to the low and fertile provinces of the south, from the bold and rocky heights of the Malabar coast to the level shores of Coromandel, the land exhibits every noble and productive variety of landscape,—the deep and luxuriant valley, the mountain crowned with forest, a vast central table-land, possessing an almost European climate, and exhibiting the chief productions of Europe; a multitude of rivers, sufficient, even in that land of the sun, to fertilize the soil—a great peninsula, flanked on the east and west by two of the noblest streams in the world, the Indus and the Ganges; and with its sides, from Bombay to Cape Comorin, and from the Cape to Calcutta, washed by the ocean.

The character of its people, too, at once festive and mysterious, exhibiting the most artless simplicity with the most subtle craft, and combining the rudeness of peasant life with the most solemn and gorgeous superstition, corresponds to the powerful lights and shades of their climate. Its fields and forests possess the animals most remarkable for their strength, their sagacity, their courage, and their use—the elephant, the lion, the tiger, and the horse. Even its architecture shares the general spirit of a land where splendor is studied alike in the magnificent and the minute; temples and monuments, built by emperors, and worthy of imperial wealth, topped with domes covered with enamel and gold, and sparkling in an eastern sun; while below, walls covered with elaborate sculpture, formed of every marble, and inlaid with every gem, exhibit a taste which, however opposed to the classic severity of Europe, yet shows that the elements of beauty exist everywhere, that talent is confined to no one climate, and that the sense of beauty acts as vividly in the bosom of the untutored Indian as in the refined cultivation of Europe.

The conquest of a country of such vast extent, diversity, and power, by a small island at the distance of half the circumference of the globe, undoubtedly will excite feelings and inquiries surpassing those with which we are accustomed to regard the usual routine of worldly affairs. India, for a thousand years or more, had been the continual seat of governmental violence and popular suffering. Successions of local tyrants, crushed by some one greater tyrant, or absorbed into his empire only to emerge, on its breaking up, like tigers from the fragments of their cage, and return with their dry jaws and thirst for blood to a still more ferocious renewal of their oppression, covered the land with misery. Even this lot was not the most desperate. The country from which the local tyrants drained its life, drop by drop, was periodically stricken to the dust by the sudden and irresistible blow of invasion—the Persian overran it from the west, the Tartar rushed down with his cavalry from the north, and the whole strength and spirit of the land, helplessly buried under those barbarian multitudes, had scarcely revived, when a new invasion buried it in the dust again. Even the occasional splendors of her dynasties cost her dearly; nothing could be more evanescent; and with the passing away of each throne came civil slaughter.

Even its position, in the center of the most ferocious, war-loving, and savage nations of Asia—the Persian continually looking from his barren and mountainous provinces upon the exuberance of the golden peninsula; the Scythian of the desert, driven alike by hunger and rapine to make incursions from age to age upon the timid and unprepared Hindoo in the midst of his treasures and his harvests—seemed to have laid it under a perpetual sentence of exposure and devastation, a continual anathema of nature against its peace—a vineyard whose grapes bloomed only to catch the eye of the spoiler; with its fences broken down by the wild boar; the foot of the robber trampling on its beauty; and the snake and the tiger usurping the place of the lord of the vintage.

There is no exaggeration in this course of calamity, notwithstanding the casual pomp of isolated regions of the great peninsula in other days, or the beneficial changes introduced by some of those sovereigns who, from time to time, start up in the most ruined countries. But what must be the unchanging character of Indian suffering, where the diadem was always lost or won by the sword; where the sovereign lived in the midst of domestic conspiracy, busied in its punishment or made restless and furious by its fears, and the people, under the haughtiest and heaviest despotism, relaxed or violent only according to the indolence or the passion of the ruler; where the throne was but a lion's den, and the slaughter and plunder of the population was wholly regulated by the degrees of satiety or hunger of the royal brute inclosed? Yet it is in this country that the most powerful and comprehensive effort of restoration ever known in Asiatic annals has been made, and that, too, by the interposition of Great Britain.

If this restoration had been accomplished by some neighboring power, suddenly civilized, and dispensing its civilization—if some Cyrus the Younger had arisen in Persia,

cultivating the arts and morals of the West, and shedding them like the seeds of a rich harvest into the desolate soil beyond the Indus—we might have attributed the result to the natural course of things. But if the map of the world had been spread out, and one had been requested to lay his finger upon the probable protector, the sovereign, and ultimately the regenerator of India, Great Britain would probably have been the last country to whom would have been assigned this mighty undertaking. Who would have rationally looked to a company of merchants for almost indefinite conquest—to an island then not containing six millions of inhabitants, and at the distance of ten thousand miles, for the acquisition, the defense, and the administration of an empire of two hundred millions of men?

#### DINNER.

PERHAPS Byron puts the case a little too emphatically when he calls the bell that summons us to this meal "the tocsin of the soul." Sententious Thurlow tells us, and General Jackson has borrowed the expression without acknowledgment, that "corporations have no souls," and yet corporations are proverbially fond of what are called good dinners. There is, however, a refined enjoyment experienced by the large-minded epicure while discussing the *chef-d'œuvre* of an accomplished cook, which sordid bodies, born of corruption and held together by "the cohesion of public plunder," can never experience. The poetry of dining is a touch above boards of aldermen. Only men of generous instincts, cultivated tastes and talents, and perfect physical organizations, know how to dine. It does not necessarily follow, however, that because an individual has a palate of horn to which all flavors are alike, he is therefore a bad fellow. Pancks, who ate as if he were "coaling," had a heart that would have done honor to the most genial epicure; but it is none the less true that a genial epicure is generally a person with kindly sympathies and of a lovable nature—one capable of appreciating the excellent qualities of a Pancks, though he might object to dining with him, and who would not put his legs under the mahogany of a sleek-headed Canby though it were covered with all the edible rarities that wealth could supply.

Although we Americans are past doubt "the most enlightened people under the sun," and in all respects fully up to Shakespeare's description of the "paragon of animals," the majority of us have much to learn in the art of dining. It has not pleased heaven to overstock the American kitchen department with superior artists. On the contrary, most of our cooks seem to have come from the antipodes of that region which sends us such excellent meat. The human intelligences we get from the intelligence offices are far from being as intelligent as they represent themselves to be. Ireland, of course, possesses the finest peasantry in the world, but their culinary education has been neglected; while Germany, if we are to believe Tom Hood, has not yet emerged from the dark age of cookery. Yet we rely chiefly upon the help of these two countries for the preparation of our dinners. Our wives and daughters, although, as everybody knows, they "combine French ease with English modesty," and play freely on the piano, do not as a general thing understand the mysteries of gravies and sauces and the chemistry of puddings.

There is one radical mistake in American cookery which deserves especial castigation. Until it is reformed we shall never rank among the 'peoples' who understand the esthetics of a dinner. We do not roast—we bake! This is a degrading confession to make with "the eyes of Europe upon us;" but it is too true that from the oven, not the spit, come at least seven-eighths of the browned joints that by a conventional fib we term our roast meats. Fellow-countrymen (and women), this is the chief blot upon our culinary escutcheon—the bar sinister of our kitchen coat-of-arms. Into caves of heated iron our cooks thrust their beef, veal, mutton, pork, poultry, game, etc., and after leaving them there to kill each other's flavors until overdone, take them out and have the assurance to send them to our tables as things roasted! If the articles were put in one at a time, as victims were cast into the brazen bull of Phalaris, the deed were barbarous, but to bake them together, to the confounding of all distinctions between their several savors, is a solecism in cookery that it would be base flattery to call heathenish. An anonymous tenant of one of our first-class boarding-houses, who has wreaked his sorrows in verse, devotes a quatrain to the subject as follows:

At six o'clock, in hungry mood, at dinner I appear—  
The roast beef tastes like beef and pork, the pork tastes very queer,  
The pastry has a twang of both! I know, and no mistake,  
One oven is responsible for that collective bake!

Who that has had his lines cast in one of those unpleasant places where persons of educated appetites are disgusted at so much per week, will fail to recognize the truthfulness of the stanza?

Then as regards our gravies. But the plural is out of place here. In point of fact, the United States, as a nation, has but one gravy. There are a tasteful few who vary their gravies to suit their dishes—rendering unto mutton that which is mutton's, and to beef that which is beef's; but the great majority bestow upon all the same fearful compound

of melted fat with a precipitate of slush. How it is made we know not and hope never to know. There is a certain magic in it, however. It makes everything which is slushed with it taste the same—reducing all the delicacies of the season to a common vandal level. America will never dine until this semi-mucilaginous abomination shall have been stricken from its *carte*. Epicurean reader, you know better than we can tell you how necessary it is to ask (even at what are considered "good tables") for "gravy out of the dish," in order to prevent your slice of beef from being overwhelmed with a greasy avalanche from the tureen.

In the matter of dressing and serving up fish, we are guilty of many gothicisms. We boil, instead of steaming, our salmon and codfish, and send them to table in puddles of fish gruel, instead of perfectly dry (as they ought to be) and inclosed in fair white damask napkins. As we have one gravy for meats, so have we one sauce for our fishes, viz., melted butter, thick and glutinous with flour, and more fit for the paper-hanger's or bill-sticker's purposes than for Christian digestion. Occasionally a sprinkling of minced hard-boiled eggs is stirred into the insipid batter, and then it is called egg-sauce, and the last state of the nuisance is worse than the first. Of shrimp sauce, lobster sauce, oyster sauce, fennel sauce, and a dozen other condiments that give a rare relish to fish, nine-tenths of even our first families are, we regret to say, profoundly oblivious.

It is also a lamentable fact that a man may dine out twice a week the year through, in New York, without encountering in his round half a dozen palatable puddings. Yet there are at least a hundred delectable and wholesome varieties of the article. But pastry is preferred in this country—probably because it is more indigestible. If there be anything an American likes to outrage, it is his digestion. He appears to entertain no respect whatever for his stomach and duodenum, imposing upon them the most hopeless tasks and cruel penances. One of the ways in which he manifests his hostility to them is by eating against time, and compelling his gastric juices to do the work which nature intended for his teeth. That people who bolt their dinners at our restaurants sometimes live to be grandfathers, may be considered an extraordinary manifestation of tenacity of life in the human species under the most unfavorable circumstances.

But enough of censure. Let us turn from baked meats, unwholesome pies, and the lightning dispatch style of mastication, to subjects more agreeable. We have the finest oysters extant, and know how to cook them. Good oysters are the *voluptas suprema* of the epicure, for they are capable of affording more prolonged enjoyment than any other edible. It is impossible to say how many of the gelid luxuries may be swallowed direct from the shell without producing repletion. The excellent creatures carry their own solvent with them, and help to digest themselves. History tells us that the Romans were not insensible to their merits, and when Vitellius went out a-yachting he always had plenty of them stowed away in the hold of his trireme. But what did he or any of his race know about oysters! The miserable Mediterranean bivalve is beneath contempt—a little flavorless dab of semi-transparent jelly, fit companion for the sea-hedgehogs with which the ancient gourmands were accustomed to mince and stew it. Nor are the English mollusks a whit better. Put half a table-spoonful of mucilage made of Iceland moss into about the same quantity of a mild solution of copperas, and you will have a very fair imitation of the English "native." Contrast one of these mistakes of Neptune with a "Shrewsbury" or a "Saddle-rock"—plump, appetizing, salacious—and commiserate the English epicures. In the art of frying, broiling, roasting, and stewing these gifts of Providence, we stand alone. Newly imported John Bull says he misses "the coppery flavor, you know;" but, ah! what quantities of them he puts under his capacious vest. He shows his taste, however, by generally eating them raw. The eremite of the sea is most delicious the instant after he has been martyred. Break into his cell with burglarious knife, cut the tie that binds him to his pearly home, and ere his ichorous juices have quite lost the electric principle of vitality, put the floor of his little tenement to your lips and gulp him in. If there be a sensation more thrilling than that experienced during his brief transit over the palate, we have yet to enjoy it. It may be thought by some of our readers, perchance, that oysters do not properly come under the head of Dinner; but we hold the truth to be self-evident—at least to all who have made the experiment—that half a dozen or a dozen on the half shell are the best possible preliminary to the regular courses of a banquet, call the banquet by what name you will.

Lady Morgan had a very excellent notion of the esthetics of epicureanism, and has left on record a description of a dinner cooked by the immortal Careme, which it would be a pleasure to quote, if it were not too long. Her ladyship was the guest of Baron Rothschild, and Anthony Careme—who was to cookery what Bacon was to philosophy—was at the head of his kitchen cabinet. She says, in substance, that it was impossible to conceive that the vulgar elements, fire and water, had any agency in producing such sensuous raptures as the feast inspired. "Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in silver dew with chemical precision, formed the *fond* of all." This is rather too hyperbolic perhaps, but the next sentence tells the story



better. "Every meat presented its own natural aroma; every vegetable its own shade of verdure." Mark the simplicity of high art. It is only your culinary quacks that extinguish the true flavors of nature's dainties with a superfluity of artificial appliances.

"With less genius," says Lady Morgan, "than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks as to actors, the wreaths of Pasta and Sontag were never more fairly won than the wreath which should have graced the brow of Careme, for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilization." With all her foreign affectations and occasional slip-slop, *Miladi* had a very creditable conception of the science of good living.

While looking over a file of English papers a few weeks since, we noticed an advertisement of an institution for the diffusion of culinary knowledge among mankind (or rather womankind), called the "School of Cookery," which has lately been opened in London. There, for a moderate fee, a servant receives a full course of instruction from a competent chef, and when it is completed, is furnished with a diploma. The idea is excellent and worthy of being acted upon on this side of the Atlantic, where the comestibles of the land, the rivers, and the sea are shamefully miscooked both by indigenous know-nothings and imported barbarians.

#### NEW YORK FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

"THERE is a great scarcity in New York." This is the daily complaint of ladies who wish to appear at this reception, and that party, in a dress richer and rarer than their neighbors. It is also the complaint of fashionable dress-makers who want to match a shade of silk, a width of velvet, or a kind of trimming. There is no appearance of scarcity on the street, and certainly not in the stores, which are apparently crowded with the choicest fabrics—but come to inquire for certain peculiar styles, favorite colors, and admired novelties—and, presto! they seem to have vanished as if by magic.

The secret, of course, is the high rates of exchange, which keep the stocks of rich foreign fancy fabrics down, notwithstanding the demand, the possible fluctuation and reduction on the opening of the spring war campaign rendering the risk of loss to the importers too great to be incurred to any greater extent than is absolutely necessary. This accounts for the few real novelties which have been exhibited this season, and the extremely limited supply of those which have been offered.

The most distinguished outside garment worn in Paris is a tail-coat with narrow sleeves, and *revers*, like a man's overcoat. They are principally made in velvet, and trimmed with sable, and have been sanctioned by the Empress. Here, as yet, they have not been seen, and we are still confined to the *rotonde* and the *paletot*, which, we may console ourselves however, are infinitely more convenient and becoming.

But we must confess to a dislike to drawing up the dress on the promenade—not to the method of raising it up by means of an "elevator," which is simple and unexceptionable, but to the fact itself, which somehow gives to every woman the appearance of that respectable but diminutive inmate of a barn-yard known as a bantam hen. Moreover, it requires certain points and conditions which, after all, only a few women possess—such as small feet, a small, well-shaped ankle, a habit of wearing neat walking boots, and a properly shaped walking hoop. One woman in twenty may fulfill all these requisites as she walks Broadway with her dress elevated over her Balmoral skirt, but the other nineteen who also have their dresses raised in various ways, and at various points of the compass, will shock one's taste and one's ideas of propriety with immense feet, or an awkward, ungainly step, or an ill-fitting or neglected boot, or, worse than all, flop along under a pressure of sail occasioned by a too expansive crinoline—some of the ladies who have eagerly adopted a fashion to save their dresses being very far behind fashion in other respects.

And here we may remark *en passant* that women of acknowledged taste in New York, as well as in Paris, wear crinoline of an entirely different size and shape in the street to that which is permitted upon occasions which call for a grand toilet. For street wear it is very small at the top, and expands only moderately, until it reaches a proper walking length, slightly deeper behind than in front. For drawing-room wear, on the contrary, though still small at the top, it expands out to much wider dimensions, terminating behind in a sort of trail, which adds much to the effect of a rich silk or *moire antique*.

A handsome walking dress for this month for a young or young married lady consists of a heavy black poplin dress, with a narrow flat fluted trimming round the bottom, beaded with jet; a rather short *collet*, or round cloak, of "42d" plaid cloth, with a small hood, and a very small collar of mink, or sable; a black velvet hat, with a barbe of guipure lace placed straight across the top of the brim, and descending over the crown; over that a scarf of "42d" plaid ribbon which ties under the chin. The face trimming consists of

leaves and velvet berries, arranged in the colors of the plaid, and shaded by a shower of fine jet. The muff is extremely diminutive, to match the collar. The gloves are of fine pearl-colored cloth, as neatly stitched and fitting as the finest kid, but not embroidered. Embroidery is now indeed almost abandoned upon gloves, it having become very common, and, moreover, discovered to have a tendency to give an increased appearance of size to the hands.

The prettiest dresses which have been invented to give a charm to the closing entertainments which take place this month, consist of clouds of tulle fastened down at regular intervals by scarlet-bean flowers. Bows of narrow ribbon with ends may be substituted, but in that case it should be white, as this has an infinitely more delicate and charming effect.

Sashes are still worn in every variety of style, but the majority of wearers are getting very tired of them.

Flowers are altogether worn as ornaments with tulle and *crêpe* dresses, but with the silks, satins, and velvets worn by older ladies pearls are indispensable, and plumes fastened by a magnificent *aigrette* are the principal decoration of the hair. Lace shawls are also much worn with these elegant toilets; white lace for occasions of great ceremony; black lace to complete a more simple costume.

A great novelty in decorations for evening bonnets and head-dresses consists of mother-of-pearl flowers and *aigrettes* mounted in the same delicate material.

The style of wearing the hair is altogether in short, full *bandeaux*, *crêped*, and raised up from the temples in such a way as to leave a hollow over the forehead, which is filled by what is called a *pouff*, composed of velvet flowers, with mother-of-pearl centers—a cluster upon which a butterfly is settling, or a spray upon which a glittering, ugly worm is crawling.

Evening bonnets are already in preparation for the coming season of opera, which is expected to be universally brilliant. They are nearly all white, with a few blue and rose-color. We have seen some white trimmed in plaid, and colors, but these are not in the best taste. The most elegant white bonnets for evening and dress purposes are white entirely, scarcely any color being allowed even in the face trimming.

A bonnet of puffed tulle, with rich blonde barbes crossed with a bow upon the top of the crown, was ornamented with a camellia on the inside with blue velvet leaves, which had the appearance of being powdered with snow or white sugar; a fringe of white marabout fell over the front, which was depressed.

A second of light-blue tulle, puffed also (*crêpes* are frequently made plain), was finished with a half handkerchief of delicate blonde, falling over the front and shading the blue velvet flower with mother-of-pearl center which constituted the inside trimming. The strings were blue, with extra ones of blonde.

## REVIEWS.

### ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.\*

A COMPENDIOUS history of English literature and of the English language has long been a desideratum. Our literature may, without boasting, be pronounced the richest, most varied, and most inspiring of any which the world has yet produced. It has blossomed from the best domestic and political life, from the most liberal if not the most finished culture, and from the soundest and most earnest ethical and religious faith which any people have enjoyed. It has, besides, had the longest time for its growth and development. Our language, too, in spite, perhaps, because of the very heterogeneousness of its materials, has been wrought into a medium which is better fitted than any other living language for the various uses of thought and feeling which literature, as distinguished from science, most requires. So at least our critical friends, the Germans, attest, as witness their passionate fondness for English poetry and novels at the present day, and also the testimony of one of their profoundest students of comparative philology, the lamented Grimm, the elder.

But neither of our literature nor of our language have we had a worthy history. Certainly, no English writer has, till now, attempted to give the history of both united. We have had not a few learned and critical histories of portions of our literature—especially of it in the earlier times. Chambers has given us his very praiseworthy *Encyclopædia*, consisting of biographical sketches of our leading writers, illustrated by copious extracts, as specimens of their use of language and modes of thought. But the work of Chambers is deficient in its critical judgments, and is scarcely wide or thorough enough in its learning. Spalding's *Manual* is too brief and condensed to leave definite and well-illustrated impressions upon the reader, though it was manifestly the work of an original and self-relying critic and student.

The work of Craik, originally published in 1861, and now

\* A Compendious History of English Literature and of the English Language, from the Norman Conquest, with numerous specimens. By George L. Craik, LL.D., Professor of History and of English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner, 1863.

reprinted in a beautiful library edition, comes before us, promising to supply the want which we have described. The author was one of the chief editors of Knight's "Pictorial History of England" (1838-1844), and in 1844-5 published "Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England," much of which is incorporated into the present work. The materials for the sketches were doubtless furnished in the studies and researches which he prosecuted as editor of the Pictorial History. The plan of this history is sufficiently comprehensive. It includes not only a history of literature proper, but incidentally of scientific discovery and of scientific treatises. It begins at the earliest period, and is careful to omit the name of no work or writer of importance, especially before the time of Elizabeth. As a learned index, especially for the early periods, the book is of great value, and in its bibliography for these early centuries is worthy of all praise. The research and reading of the author are manifest on every page. He has been laborious and faithful. His taste in literature is generally catholic and free from narrow prejudices and bigoted partisanship. He is the adherent of no special school of criticism; he brings forward and, as far as we can see, is influenced by no theory of style or of opinion which might mislead his judgments of authors of a particular period or style of thinking. He enters with appreciative warmth into the criticism of the great writers of the Elizabethan period, and insists with equal earnestness upon the unsurpassed merits of Pope and the writers of the time of Queen Anne. He does full justice to Wordsworth and Coleridge on the one hand, and to their inveterate persecutor and critic, Jeffrey, on the other. He aims to judge of the various writers who pass before him for review with a truly candid spirit, looking at them from their own points of view, and considering them in relation to the times in which they lived, the principles which they avowed, and the culture by which they were influenced. His judgments of style are usually sound and rational, and the criticisms on which he ventures upon imagery and language will commend themselves to the majority of readers as eminently just. We are impressed all the while, as we read his pages, that the author endeavors to bring himself into the judicial position, and to possess himself with the judicial spirit to pronounce upon the merits and defects of those whom he criticises with the fairness and fullness which befit the judge rather than the advocate. The specimens selected to illustrate the peculiarities of many of the leading English writers, seem to have been chosen with admirable skill. Many of them are valuable for what they are in themselves as well as for what they illustrate.

So much we can honestly say in the way of commendation. We do not hesitate to pronounce the work a great improvement on anything which we have had before. To the young student it will be valuable as a guide to his critical reading, and to the literary man it will be indispensable as a book of reference. It is not, however, as complete nor as good as we expected to find it—not as good as we had a right to expect it would be from the reputation of the author and the facilities which he had at hand in its preparation.

The book has too much the appearance of being manufactured rather than made, of being prepared for the market rather than wrought and elaborated with a strong interest in the subject-matter on the part of the author. We speak of it as a whole, for parts of it are both well matured and written with a commendable earnestness and interest in the theme. But it was a grave mistake in Dr. Craik to make a new out of an old book, to take here and there a leading author and write an elaborate criticism upon him with ample quotations, and to allow the brief and hurried notices of very many others, of equal or stronger claims upon the attention, to stand as they were written for the original sketches. We have not seen these original sketches, but it requires no great sagacity, no special gifts in "the higher criticism," to discern what was prepared for the new, and what was taken from the older work. Each is well enough in its kind, but the two do not fit well together. There is an apparent want of method in the development, an incongruity in the several parts, an occasional repetition of what had been said before, or the supply of something previously omitted. The original work contained full notices of discoveries and treatises in physical science. These are retained in the present work, because, as the author properly observes, the knowledge itself is valuable and interesting, and because the progress of physical science in England has a manifest relation to the development of its literature. This is true, but the progress of its philosophical, ethical, and political science has exerted an influence immeasurably more important upon the thinking and feeling of the nation in respect to all subjects, and consequently upon every department of literary activity. But the notices of writers in these sciences, and of the progress and changes of thought, are as meager as possible. The sketch of John Locke contains a few just observations, and a page of ridiculous balderdash, worthy of some youngster newly fledged with plumes borrowed from reading a high-flying spiritualist. Berkeley, unmatched for his acuteness, and incomparable for his imitation of the Platonic dialogue in transparent, smoothly flowing English, is read, as the lawyers say, by the titles of his works. So is Thomas Reid, whose vigorous



English style and "Philosophy of Common Sense" deserved at least honorable mention. Adam Smith's "Theory of Moral Sentiments" is certainly not inferior as a literary composition, and yet its title only is given. "The Wealth of Nations" is dispatched in ten lines or so. But Bernard de Mandeville, the author of "The Fable of the Bees," has nine solid pages, which is nearly if not quite as much as is devoted to all the other English writers together in morals, politics, and social science for three centuries, and this notwithstanding no literature is so distinguished for the multitudinousness of its productions in these departments, and for the influence which they have exerted on the life of the people. But Mandeville happened to please the fancy of Dr. Craik, perhaps because he narrowly escaped the pillory when alive for the immorality of his book.

There is more proof than what is furnished in these examples that the work, with all its excellences, was not composed upon a well-considered plan, and, therefore, is not developed after the law of an orderly method. Indeed, we do not find evidence that the author had formed, as a necessary preliminary, a definite conception of what literature is, and of what class of works constitutes literature as distinguished from science. Especially does he fail in not appreciating what are the relations of the literature of a people to its life. He does not seem to have become fully possessed of the truth—if, indeed, he has received it all—the truth so fundamental to the higher and profounder criticism of modern times—that the literature and the life of a people act and react on each other in most intimate relations. "It is reasonable that we look in a history of English literature for an explanation of the literature of each successive period in the changing aspects of the national life, in the moral and religious sentiments, in the spirit of independence or of craven submission, in the sense of superiority and honor abroad or of humiliation and disgrace, in the general mental activity or the prevailing indolence and torpor, as well as in other circumstances which need not be named. We ought to find the reasons why the ages of Elizabeth and the present century have been so productive of noble writers, why the period of the Restoration was so degenerate, and the times of Queen Anne so elegant and finished, yet so poor and tame in the higher sentiments and aspirations. There is little effort by Dr. Craik thus to comprehend and account for the changing character of our singularly changing literature, to behold the leading features of each period from any central point of view, and to account for these features by their hidden yet not unobvious causes. For this reason the history is, as it must necessarily be, somewhat superficial and external. We are surprised that the editor of the Pictorial History, whose peculiar boast it is that it first attempted to record the history of the life of the people, should have overlooked this prime condition for a truly philosophical history of our literature. We are doubly surprised that one who, from his researches, must often have observed the marvelous changes which the thought and sentiment of the English nation have undergone and have noticed the wonderful influence which these changes have wrought upon its eloquence, its poetry, its drama, its humor, and its fiction, should have failed to connect the one with the other.

We have incidentally adverted to the circumstance that the author is very unequal in the attention which he bestows upon the leading authors. To Richard Hooker is assigned some fourteen lines of description and criticism, notwithstanding the author distinctly notices the superiority of his English style for grandeur and idiomatic raciness. But he scarcely dwells upon his peculiarities, and he does not quote a single specimen of his stately yet forcible prose. And what is most remarkable in a history of the English language, as well as of English literature, he fails to notice the importance of Hooker's prose, as marking an epoch in English style. Jeremy Taylor is disposed of in twenty lines, even though the critic lavishes upon him the highest commendation. But we have no shred from his golden and affluent sentences, though Mandeville has nine pages devoted to him and Darwin eighteen and Jonathan Swift thirty-one. No good reason, certainly, can be assigned for this frightful disproportion in the treatment and illustration of distinguished authors.

Dr. Craik is by no means uniformly successful in his critical appreciation of the authors on whom he bestows his chief attention. This is not to be expected of any man. It requires a many-sidedness of taste and sympathy which were superhuman. To do exact justice to all our greatest poets—nicely to analyze their peculiar merits and justly to appreciate their several defects, as well as thoroughly to comprehend the genius of each—is a very difficult task. Still more difficult is it, if possible, to present the results in language that shall be felicitous and not ambitious, in words that are glorious and eloquent and yet are not pompous and overstrained. Dr. Craik in his unequal success with different writers shows himself to be but mortal. His criticism of Milton seems to us eminently just, exhaustive, and felicitous. His handling of Shakespeare is not so satisfactory. Perhaps it is because he finds his theme to be so far above his reach. But there can be no excuse for ascribing to Shakespeare a "rich but delicate and subtle spirit of drollery, moistening and softening whatever it touches like a gentle oil, and penetrating through all infoldings and rig-

orous incrustments into the kernel of the ludicrous that is in everything \* \* \* which gloriously overflowing in Falstaff, makes his wit exhilarate like wine." Alas! what if a somewhat enthusiastic American critic had exhilarated his readers in this style about Shakespeare? How would such American language sound on the other side of the water if properly dished in the *Saturday Review*? The scholarly and judicious Hallam rises often into glowing words, and does not restrain his fervent admiration when he dilates upon a favorite author, warming with his theme. But Hallam was never betrayed into such utterances as this. Indeed, the characterizations of authors by Hallam, of which Dr. Craik has the good sense to avail himself so often, appear sometimes, when contrasted with those furnished by Dr. Craik, like a sparkling diamond amidst a circle of something not quite equal to pearls. From a worthy historian and critic of our peerless writers we feel that at times we ought to have something better than we find, though much that we do find is admirable.

There is an occasional tumidity and coarseness which remind us of the first efforts of a wordy Scotch reviewer rather than of the chastened elegance which become the cultivated professor of English literature. As for example, in speaking of the writers of the Della Cruscan school, he writes thus: "A few of the writers, we may remark, that got bespattered in the course of Gifford's somewhat energetic horse-play, have survived and recovered from his corrosive mud and any connection they may have had with the Della Cruscan folly:—such as," etc. etc. Of Dryden, he writes perhaps in a more pardonable strain: "The movement of verse always sets him on fire, and whatever he produces is a coinage, not from the brain, not slowly scraped or pinched into shape, but struck out as from a die with a few stout blows or a single wrench of the screw." But perhaps these sentences were written for "the sketches" of 1844 and not noticed when transformed to "the history" of 1861. If so, the more's the pity.

We have less of a history of the English language than the title warrants us to expect, and than might easily have been incorporated without disturbing the onward course of the History of Literature. There is no clear exhibition of the structure and peculiarities of the Anglo-Saxon; no attempt to trace the steps of transition by which it passed into the Semi-Saxon, and emerged from and through the Norman submersion into the Mixed or Modern English. We are aware that this is a very difficult task to manage, especially for readers who are not supposed to have any philological knowledge or special philological tastes. But some few hints on points like these, especially in the form of comments on the specimens quoted, would have been instructive at least, and, we think, quite as readable as much of the learned lumber with which the first volume is loaded.

But without pressing this point, we are confident that no historian of English literature alone—to say nothing of one who professes also to write the history of the English language—should fail to give a clear, consecutive, and critical account of the various phases through which modern English prose has passed. Such a history should point to the writers who, in this respect, have been epoch-making, as the Germans say. It should, if possible, explain the causes and influences which formed and fixed their style; should show how their style was felt by their contemporaries and its peculiarities were adopted by their successors. It should exhibit its features in the construction of the sentence, the relation of words, and the general treatment and development of the paragraph. We have incidentally noticed that Craik makes no mention of the peculiarities and influence of Hooker as a writer of prose. All that we find of the historical relations of the style of South we find in a quotation from Hallam. We were obliged to look a long while before we could find any mention of Dryden as a prose writer. We were just about to give up the search when we stumbled upon these three lines, out of all connection with Dryden's name or other writings: "Eminent as he is among the poets of his age, Dryden is also one of the greatest of its prose writers. In ease, flexibility, and variety, indeed, his English prose has scarcely ever been excelled." This is well said, but this is all that is said. It would not have been amiss if the peculiarities of Dryden's prose had been more critically discussed and if the influence of Dryden as a writer of prose upon English style had been historically traced. We remember to have read that Burke confessed himself more indebted to Dryden's critical introductions than to any other prose writer. The absence of exposition of this kind is, as the old epitaphs have it, "greatly to be deplored."

The English style of the author himself, as well as that of the authors whom he criticises, might have occasionally received consideration and attention with advantage. Two or three passages which we have quoted may serve as examples. He writes, in his preface: "Such brief notices are rather for being turned to by means of the index than for straightforward perusal." Also, on the first page: "No language has been born a written language, any more than it was ever heard tell of that a boy had been born with breeches on." Also, on the same page: "It is an artificial or non-natural addition which language assumes as it grows up and gets civilized," etc. It is only occasionally, however,

that the professor furnishes, perhaps as themes for criticism for his pupils, such specimens of rather questionable English.

Notwithstanding these defects, we are very thankful for the book, and that it has been brought within the reach of American readers.

#### DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.\*

"The Nile is settled!" This brief announcement, as our readers remember, sent from Alexandria to London by telegraph a few months ago, electrified the world of letters. It was the earliest intelligence which had been received in many a month from Capt. Speke and his gallant comrade, Capt. Grant. It informed us that the problem which had wearied the feet of many an unsuccessful explorer, and vexed the brain of many a philosopher, was solved at last by the sagacity and boldness of an English traveler. Henceforward his name will be enrolled among the most successful of discoverers. He has had the good fortune to win one of the great prizes in geography which have remained to our day—one for which more competitors have striven than for anything else. His name will go down to the future with those of Park, Denham, Clapperton, Barth, Livingstone, Burton, and a score of other brave explorers, who have rapidly succeeded and surpassed one another in laying open the interior of this long secluded continent.

We need not pause in this connection to review the history of opinions respecting the wonderful river which endowed the Egyptian empire with its fertility and power. Everybody knows that the origin of the river was regarded by the ancients not less than by the moderns as clothed in mystery—*Nili quare caput* being a proverb which has descended to our day. Those who are curious to know what views were held at different periods of antiquity respecting this river, can readily satisfy themselves by consulting a valuable volume by Dr. Behe, which was published at London in 1860, under the title of "The Sources of the Nile, including a history of Nilotic Discovery." The English reader can there trace the historical current, from Herodotus down. He can puzzle himself with the vague and indefinite statements of Eratosthenes, can laugh at the ambitious desires of Caesar, enjoy the poetical satires of Lucan, and, if he chooses, accept the conclusions of Dr. Behe, that Ptolemy, in the second century after Christ, put on record more accurate statements regarding the source of the river, in two equatorial lakes, than any other writer has done down to the time of the recent explorers. With this brief reference to a very interesting subject, we shall leave the past, and devote our attention to the present volume.

The name of Speke is already familiar to those who have attended to the progress of African research. Born with that sort of enterprise which his countrymen call *pluck*, trained in the Indian army to the exposures of a tropical sky, he became the companion of the famous Capt. Burton, and explored with him in 1858 that region of interior lakes which lies south of the equator and west of the Zanzibar coast. On that expedition, and when separated from his leader, Capt. Speke himself discovered an immense body of fresh water, called by the natives "Nyanza," or the sea. From its size, its elevation, nearly 4,000 feet above the sea, and its geographical position, as well as from the testimony of the traders in the region, he came to the shrewd conclusion that a northern outlet of the lake must be one of the chief feeders of the river Nile. He could not then verify this conjecture; but bestowing her Majesty's name upon the queenly lake since known to geographers as "Victoria Nyanza," he returned to England to report his progress. This discovery of a lake, the dimensions of which are measured by tens of thousand square miles, would have given glory enough to many men. But Speke was not satisfied. He longed to prove his own theory correct, and to complete the investigations on which he had entered. The English people, especially the Government and the London Geographical Society, responded heartily to his desires; a fund was raised to meet his expenses; and in 1860, he went forth on a second African tour, a third visit to Africa, from which he safely returned in the summer of 1863.

The telegraphic message referred to at the beginning of our remarks was soon followed by the appearance of the travelers in England, where they were received with enthusiasm in the Society under whose auspices their journey had been made, and the public soon obtained in the scientific journals a synopsis of their observations. All this has but whetted the appetite for a more detailed report.

At last, with commendable promptness, Capt. Speke has put forth the narrative of his journey. It is one of the most entertaining volumes of modern travels which we have ever read. Barth's volumes were so heavy that with all their valuable material it was excessively hard to read them. But no one will complain of Speke's being dry. He writes in a spirited, good-natured, natural style, without any attempt at artificial rhetoric. He seems to have the quiet assurance that his story will be read, and that he need not take any pains to make it readable. As an observer he may be wanting in scientific precision. There is no indication

\* Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile, by John Hanning Speke. With map, portrait, and other illustrations. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, London, 1863. 8vo. pp. xxxi. 656.)



that he is proficient in any branch of natural science. But he has a quick eye for all which is going on around him, a keen appreciation of whatever is characteristic in the scenery or the people, great native shrewdness, a hearty love of the ludicrous, besides boldness, tact, enterprise, and perseverance. These qualities make him a capital pioneer. Few men could be found to rival him in fitness for the original exploration of the region he has just visited, and we predict that the enthusiasm of his narrative will attract many other, perhaps more highly trained, explorers to examine the regions which he makes so interesting.

Perhaps we have already detained the reader too long from the narrative of the journey, to which we now proceed. Landing at Zanzibar, the two Englishmen soon succeeded in enlisting a company of men to go with them on their march inland. "Bombay," the former companion of Burton and Speke, was among the number. Most of those who promised to go were Wa-n-gúana or emancipated slaves, "Freedmen," as they are called. They are native Africans, untainted negroes, but sharpened in their wits by contact with the outer world. Speke represents them as lazy, lying, childish, selfish, in fact almost irrecoverably degraded—but still he could not get along without them. The troupe when it set out consisted of the two Englishmen, an Arab, Sheikh Said, Bombay the factotum, Baraka the commander, ten mounted Hottentot riflemen (secured at the Cape), and 73 negroes—a company which was subsequently enlarged. They first went directly west, over Burton's old route, to Kaze (lat. 33° W.), then they turned to the north, meeting with various embarrassments, till at last they reached the friendly dominions of King Rumanika in the Karague country, west of the great Victoria Nyanza which Speke had before visited.

This king proved to be a great friend to the travelers. He was far superior to the natives of the surrounding regions, interested in all the Englishmen could tell him, attentive to their wants, and full of pleasant conversation. Speke supposes him to have been of Abyssinian descent. His appearance is described as noble and commanding. Odd notions of beauty prevail among his people, who esteem their wives most attractive when they are so fat that they can hardly walk. Speke saw one of the ladies of the court so plump that she could not sit upright. Rumanika listened favorably to the notion of sending his sons to England to be educated, but the arrangements were not perfected. The king was greatly puzzled as to why two men should come so far only to see the country; but he had no objections to their plan, and it was due to his good offices that the travelers were helped forward, and especially that they were favorably entertained by the chief of the next kingdom.

Metesa was his name, and Uganda the name of his country. This chief was very different from Rumanika. He was either afraid to assist the travelers on their journey, or else he was too lazy. They were annoyed beyond measure by the formalities of his court, for even this barbarian prince was as precise as a European monarch in attention to what he considered etiquette. To illustrate his treatment of Speke we quote from a letter of the latter to his good friend Rumanika, which has lately been printed in the London *Geographical Journal*. The letter begins with an account of his provoking reception. Speke took offense at being told to sit on the bare ground with his servants and wait King Metesa's pleasure, and therefore returned to his quarters. The king sent for him, begging him to come back and bring his chair with him, so that he might sit at ease. He said he was dying to see the traveler, and could not touch food till he did so. Speke's answer was characteristic of the Englishman. He sent word to King Metesa that "he was Queen Victoria's right hand man;" that his heart and life were at her service. If he had sat on the ground with Kiyengo and his servants, disgrace would have befallen her.

"After this message had been taken," continues his letter, "I followed it up myself, proceeding as before until I reached the court I had returned from. Thereupon messengers, dressed with abrus-turbans and painted cowskins, went to announce my arrival. Cows, dogs, goats, and men were led about by strings. A band of music then marched past, and finally I was asked to approach. The palace houses are large circular hay-stacks, all built in lines across the brow of a hill, and partitioned off with red screens. It was in one of the palaces in the third line where he was sitting, dressed in a m'bugi, with a bit of the same stuff for a handkerchief, that I first saw him. He had a brass ring on every finger, a ridge of hair from stern to stern of his head, and other head ornaments. His throne was a small chibutra covered with red joko, and he held a white dog tied by a string. (This dog always accompanied him.) Besides this, there were within the palace many of his elders, and outside, forming three sides of a square, and fronting himself, squatted several lines of men. On entering this yard, as soon as I saw him, I took off my hat, and bade my guard carry arms. The first ceremony lasted but for a moment, when I was desired to step within the square of squatters; which being done, as everybody else was told to sit, I planted myself on the stool. The king then stared at me, and I at him, for full half-an-hour, when he sent to ask me if I had seen him. I thought this such a foolish question that I only answered 'yes.' He then rose from his throne, leading his dog, and walked off to another palace, leaving me sitting, whilst, they say, he ate his first dinner after three days' starvation. His gait was so curious, I asked whether he had been injured in any way; but the reply given was that he had learnt to move after the fashion of a lion, as his father did before him. About half-an-hour later, I was asked to see him again, and proceeded as before with my guard to another court, where I found him standing on a joko leaning against the portal, with two groups of women squatting on either side of him. I was now desired to sit down and put on my hat, and then he asked Maula and Nyangundu to give him all their news. Maula said your message was to the effect that Englishmen had come up the Nile to Ugani and Ukede. After this the

king proceeded to another palace followed by his women; sat upon another throne and asked me to draw near; which I did. Again he asked me if I had seen him—a question evidently dictated by excessive pride; so to flatter him, I said, 'Oh yes, indeed, you are very beautiful!—as refulgent as the sun. Your hair is like the wool of a black sheep, and your legs, when you walk, move as gracefully as a lion's; I am very pleased to see you; and as an earnest that I am so, may I beg you to accept this gold ring, which I take off my third finger and place on your own?' I shall then consider it a token of our having contracted a lasting bond of friendship.' Metesa then replied, 'If your desire is friendship, then what would you say if I showed you a road by which you could reach your home in one month?' But before he would give me time to answer, though I longed to open the conversation with him, he said he would like to see the gun I shoot with. Much disappointed at the hasty interruption, I told him I had brought with me the best shooting gun in the world, which I hoped he would accept with a few other trifles; and if he would consent I would lay them on a carpet at his feet as is the custom of my country when visiting sultans. He graciously assented, sent all his women away, and had a m'bugi spread for the purpose. The ceremony of presentation was then gone through by Bombay first spreading a joko on the m'bugi and then opening one thing after the other, which Nassib rubbed against his dirty face and then handed to the Sultan. A long talk now ensued till night stopped the proceedings, when the Sultan asked me what I liked most to eat (the most sensible thing he had done) and then said, 'Would you like to see me to-morrow?' I said 'Yes, every day.' 'Well then,' said he, 'you can't see me to-morrow, because I have got business; but the next day come if you like. You can now go away; here are six pots of pombe for you, and my men will search for food to-morrow.' I was very tired and very glad to go—not to dinner, for I had none, excepting beef, which I could not eat alone, but to bed, and to rest my weary limbs. You will perceive that I presented no brass wires, because, in fact I had not a hundred left to give."

By this wretched despot Speke was detained a long while. He improved his opportunities to observe the manners and morals of the people. It is hard for us to understand such strange combinations of etiquette, tidiness, and a certain regard for one another's rights, with the most cruel and capricious despotism on the part of the ruler, polygamy of the freest sort, and a disregard for human life which is almost unheard of. There is no cannibalism, but the people seem to be but little above this lowest grade of barbarous life. It is appalling to think of generation after generation being so degraded and so indifferent to all progress. Whenever we reflect on them, the darkness of night seems to cover the land. As illustrations of the king's outrageous indifference and cruelty, we cite a few instances. The king was greatly pleased with a gun which Speke gave him. The Englishman had proved it by shooting cows in the presence of Metesa. This was too tame sport for the latter, who ordered a man to be shot. The shot was fatal, but Speke never heard any allusion to the victim's fate. Every day while Speke was residing near the palace he saw one, two, or three women of the harem led away to execution because they had offended the king. On one occasion, when promenading with Speke, Metesa saw a woman tied up awaiting her punishment. Without stopping for the executioners to perform their work, the king raised his musket, shot the woman as he would a sparrow, and passed on to his sport. Speke and the king went out another time "on a picnic," several of the women accompanying them. One of the latter offered the king some fruit which she had picked. The king was mightily offended. He said no woman had ever taken such liberties with him before, and ordered her to be put to death. The attendants delayed to obey, when the king himself proceeded to beat the woman with a stick on the head, till Speke interfered and secured her pardon. A woman badly treated at home fled to the house of an old man for protection. The protector and the protected were ordered to be put to death, not suddenly, but by piece-meal. They were to be fed, and bit by bit their flesh was to be taken from them and given to the vultures till life should become extinct. These are only illustrations of the daily life at the court.

At length all the formalities and procrastinations and flimsy excuses which had detained the Englishmen were brought to an end and the party left King Metesa's capital. Descending the northern slope of the hills, a few days' journey brought them to a halting-place which they named Kari. Here Speke and Grant temporarily separated, the latter going east and north, the former due west. Speke in the course of two days reached the river of which he was in quest, at a point a few miles below its departure from the lake.

"Here at last," he exclaims, "I stood on the brink of the Nile; most beautiful was the scene; nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly kept park; with a magnificent stream from 600 to 700 yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks (the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles basking in the sun), flowing between fine, high, grassy banks with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the musnny and harte-beest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan and guinea fowl rising at our feet."

From this point Speke went up the left bank of the river, passing successive cataracts, till at length he reached the lake and saw the mystery solved which has been so long in question. This portion of the narrative we must give in his own words:

"At last, with a good push for it, crossing hills and threading huge grasses, as well as extensive village plantations, lately devastated by elephants—they had eaten all that was eatable, and what would not serve for food they had destroyed with their trunks, not one plantain or one hut being left entire—we arrived at the extreme end of the journey, the furthest point ever visited by the expedition on the same parallel of latitude as King Metesa's palace, and just forty miles east of it."

"We were well rewarded; for the 'stones,' as the Waganda

call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Everybody ran to see them at once, though the march had been long, and even my sketch-book was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about 12 feet deep and 400 to 500 feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still, it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks, with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying asleep on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake—made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds, and gardens on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.

"The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old Father Nile, without any doubt, rises in the Victoria N'yanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned, however, when I thought how much I had lost by the delays in the journey having deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the northeast corner of the N'yanza, to see what connection there was by the strait so often spoken of, with it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making 'Maoga an Island.' But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish; for I had seen full half of the lake, and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about the lake, as far, at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned.

"Let us now sum up the whole and see what it is worth. Comparative information assured me that there was as much water on the eastern side of the lake as there is on the western—if anything, rather more. The most remote waters or top head of the Nile is the southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives to the Nile the surprising length in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above 2,300 miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe. Now from this southern point, round by the west, to where the great Nile stream issues, there is only one feeder of any importance, and that is the Kitangulu River; whilst from the southernmost point round by the east to the strait there are no rivers at all of any importance; for the traveled Arabs one and all aver that from the west of the snow-clad Kilimandjaro to the lake where it is cut by the second degree, and also the first degree of south latitude, there are salt lakes and salt plains, and the country is hilly, not unlike Unyamuezi; but they said there were no great rivers, and the country was so scantily watered, having only occasional runnels and rivulets, that they always had to make long marches in order to find water when they went on their trading journeys; and further, those Arabs who crossed the strait, when they reached Usoga, as mentioned before, during the late interregnum, crossed no river either.

"There remains to be disposed of the 'salt lake,' which I believe is not a salt, but a fresh-water lake, and my reasons are, as before stated, that the natives call all lakes salt if they find salt beds or salt islands in such places. Dr. Krapf, when he obtained a sight of the Kenia mountain, heard from the natives there that there was a salt lake to its northward, and he also heard that a river ran from Kenia toward the Nile. If his information was true on this latter point, then without doubt there must exist some connection between his river and the salt lake I have heard of; and this, in all probability, would also establish a connection between my salt lake and his salt lake, which he heard was called Baringo. In no view that can be taken of it, however, does this unsettled matter touch the established fact that the head of the Nile is in 3° south latitude, where, in the year 1858, I discovered the head of the Victoria Nyanza to be."

In conclusion, we think there can be no doubt but that Speke has demonstrated that the Lake Victoria N'yanza is one of the chief feeders of the Nile through the White Nile branch. We regard it, however, as quite possible that another feeder will be found, not perhaps so important as this, but contributing to swell the current. We look with interest to the proposed Austrian expedition as likely to confirm and extend Speke's observations.

The illustrations of the book are spirited and abundant, and the carefully drawn map adds very much to the value of the book. Cross-sections are given in the margin of the map extending from the Coast to Kaze and Lake Tanganika, a line nearly east and west, and also from Kaze to Gondokoro, a line nearly north and south. On the former the average height of the plateau is about 3,500 feet; the highest point crossed is Robeho, 5,148 feet, from which there is a gradual descent to the interior as far as visited; Tanganika Lake being 1,844 feet high. On the other line the plateau is of rather less average height, say somewhat over 3,000 feet; the highest point noted, Rumanika's palace, 4,661 feet, and then a gradual descent to Gondokoro.

## ART.

### ATHENÆUM CLUB AND OUR ARTISTS.

THE members of the Athenæum Club very generously extended their hospitality to the New York artists and a few distinguished gentlemen outside of the profession last Wednesday evening. A very remarkable company were at the rooms of the Athenæum and remained until a late hour. At eleven o'clock a delicious supper was spread for the guests, and with the pictures and music, contributed to the pleasure of all. The collection of pictures was large and of good average merit. Some individual works from our younger men were of great promise and originality. A small study of an interior with portrait of Mr. Vedder, the artist, by C. G. Colman, attracted much and deserved attention. It was very elaborately painted, and in every respect true and conscientious. Mr. Homer was represented by a "Sharpshooter," a very characteristic picture; Mr. S. Colman by a small sunset, rich and glowing in color and full of light; Mr. Geo. Hall by a picture of birds and fruit, quite novel in combination, and very freely and deliciously painted. Mr. Weir, son of the historic painter and professor of that name, was represented by an elaborate and complete study of his father's studio, an interior rich in rare and curious materials. The picture is a most careful piece of painting, and we



compliment Mr. Weir on the very skillful use of material shown in his work.

Mr. George Inness was represented by one of his most poetic and characteristic landscapes—a picture remarkable for its expression of the gloom of shadow and rendering of the still, solemn marshaling of the broken clouds in the sky. Mr. Inness's work is very solid and vital, though incomplete in style; he seldom fails to express an idea, or rather he always starts with an idea, and renders it by implication or suggestion rather than by imitation or realization.

Mr. Wenzler was represented by a landscape study, very unpleasant in color, but true in effect of sunshine, and possessed of much reality.

There were other pictures of excellence worthy our attention on exhibition. Paintings by Messrs. Gifford, Church, Gignoux, Brown, and Neligh, and one of a nude figure, by a foreign artist, remarkable for its combinations of innocence and delicacy with immodesty and vulgarity. Of this picture we write this: The action of the hands expresses tenderness, and the face is pure; but the torso and legs are coarse and unpleasant in character. As a work of color the picture is a failure. So far as we understand and see beautiful flesh, it is warm, creamy, luminous—the color of a shell new-flushed and warm from the rosy fingers of Italian Aphrodite.

#### THE "P. R. B."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ROUND TABLE:

GENTLEMEN: In the third number of your journal appeared an article called "Recent Art Criticism," being a review of "The New Path," and discussing at length the difference between true and what was called false Pre-Raphaelitism. The public here has but a vague notion of Pre-Raphaelitism. For this reason I the more regretted to see statements concerning it which were calculated to mislead the uninformed reader.

About fifteen years ago, a few young painters, who were agreed as to the necessity of a reform in art, leagued themselves together for this work by the name of "Pre-Raphaelite Brethren." The members of this league were at once called "Pre-Raphaelites"—the league itself the "P. R. B." The name was singularly expressive of their views and aims. For accurate information concerning these views and aims, let us go at once to their champion, Mr. Ruskin. In his lecture, delivered in November, 1853, he uses these words: "Pre-Raphaelitism has but one principle—that of absolute uncompromising truth in all that it does, obtained by working everything, down to the most minute detail, from nature, and from nature only. Every Pre-Raphaelite landscape background is painted to the last touch in the open air from the thing itself. Every Pre-Raphaelite figure, however studied in expression, is a true portrait of some living person." With what he says of the imaginative work of the P. R. B. we have now nothing to do, the only thing discussed in the article in the ROUND TABLE being the representation of nature.

So stern and restrictive was, then, the fundamental law of these reformers. But there are many realist painters who never gave in their adherence to any such principle. Paul Veronese was a realist—perhaps the model realist, but he would certainly have laughed at anybody who would have had him paint landscapes only out of doors, and the human figure or drapery never from memory, and never with amendments made as he worked. Turner was a realist—the greatest of the moderns in this more than in any other respect. But Turner could never have obeyed their law as above stated.

There is, then, some difference between Pre-Raphaelitism and Realism. In order that we may judge of this difference, let us consult Mr. Ruskin again. In his notes on the May Exhibitions for 1856, we find these words on the opening page: "If the reader, before fixing his attention on any particular work, will glance generally round any of the rooms (of the Royal Academy), he will be struck by a singular change in the character of the entire exhibition. He will find that he can no longer distinguish the Pre-Raphaelite works as a separate class, but that between them and the comparatively few pictures remaining quite of the old school, there is a perfectly unbroken gradation, formed by the works of painters in various stages of progress." Further on he says that "a true and consistent school of art is at last established in the Royal Academy of England."

This last statement was rather premature; subsequent words of his have shown that he has thought so himself. But such a school was establishing itself, is establishing itself—a school of healthy naturalism and hard study from nature. To this school belong painters who were never Pre-Raphaelites. William Hunt belongs to it, though he is a teacher rather than a scholar, and worked as faithfully as he now does before the P. R. B. was heard of. Edward Cooke belongs to it, though he probably considers himself only a draughtsman of ships, and not an artist at all. John Lewis belongs to it, though he seems never to have asked himself or anybody any questions about the new thing called Pre-Raphaelitism, but to have gone straight on about his work, painting the east to teach the west. Edward Frere belongs to it, though he is one of the great leaders of what is called in this country the French romantic school. Richard Zimmerman belongs to it, or did three years ago, though he is the beloved of the German Kunstvereins. With us, W. T. Richards belongs to it, as your article truly said; so does Mr. Farrar, the heartily abused of your article, who probably appreciates Mr. Richards's work as well as your critic himself; so does J. W. Hill, an old man now, but working with a boy's enthusiasm and his own unruffled diligence; so does his son, J. Henry Hill, except when he shows a willingness to let his great powers stand him in the stead of a faithful study of nature; so does C. H. Moore, giving up his opportunities of success as a popular artist, and going back two years ago, with the patience and modesty of a beginner, to open a new career as a painter of the truth; so does J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, studying negroes and Red Indians and Western hunters because he loves the real.

If, then, these men are on the right road, what was the need of Pre-Raphaelitism, properly so called? The need was that which always exists for some one to speak out for the truth as well as to always tell the truth. The need was that which always exists for some to speak boldly against wrong as well as to do right. The "true and consistent school of art" in England would never have existed but for the Pre-Raphaelite fanatics. Moreover, their law of work, though inapplicable to those to whom no laws but their own can apply, namely, to great painters, is a law of absolutely binding force on all beginners, all students, all except those of great and matured powers. After all, the main difference of opinion between your critic and myself is in the high value he sets on American art as it now is.

I am yours very sincerely,

A LOVER OF TRUTH IN ART.

## MUSIC.

### OPERATIC MANAGEMENT.

It is a confirmed habit with many persons, whenever the subject of opera in this country is introduced, to arraign the public upon the charge of neglecting to accord the institution the support commensurate with its merits or importance. It is also the fashion of such persons to draw, from the failures that have overtaken different parties who from time to time have sought to provide this class of entertainment, the conclusion that the popular taste is at so low an ebb as not to admit of a proper appreciation for an amusement so refined and intellectual. The accusation has seldom, perhaps never, been disputed, and the inference has been generally taken as gospel truth by managers, artists, and critics. It is quite probable that the public is convinced of its gingerly disposition toward, and of its incapacity for enjoying, the lyric drama. It is also quite possible that the public conscience is afflicted with remorse for such hitherto disreputable conduct, and that the popular heart, lamenting its want of taste, firmly purposes amendment.

Now we happen to disagree with the namby-pamby dilettanti who view the case as stated above, and regret that the community has submitted to a calumny so gross, when it might have been so easily disproved. On considering the case fairly, it will be discovered that the asserted failure on the part of the people to support the operatic stage is apparent rather than real, and that inefficient or inexperienced management has generally but reaped its own reward. When the necessary amount of intelligence, ability, courtesy, and capital can be brought into the business of operating, then will a fair opportunity present itself for gauging the popular love for music allied to dramatic action, and not before. In some sections of the country, railway facilities are so inferior that the simple inhabitants of those districts prefer to patronize a line of stage-coaches, much to the disgust of the railway corporation, who long since concluded that the customers on whom they had relied had no taste for steam travel, and rather liked being behind the age. We may add, by way of completing the statement, that the chagrined corporation has been in the habit of employing locomotives whose favorite speed is four miles an hour; and that there are no sleeping cars on the route. It is a wonder that the rustics do not appreciate modern improvements! While not intending to compare the management of opera to that of the Tortoise Railway, still there is some analogy between the cases, and this may help to a clearer understanding of the matter.

We do not know of any better way to effectually silence the cant about American non-appreciation of opera than by instancing the fact that excellent concerts are more liberally patronized throughout the country than the same class of entertainments are in Europe or England, and that probably nine-tenths of the selections upon the programmes consist of opera music of every variety of style. The military bands discourse operatic music upon the occasions of parades, and the ball-rooms everywhere resound with melodies derived from the same fruitful source. The music shops teem with arias, cavatinas, and scenas from all the standard operas, while fantasias upon themes from them, suited to the ability of pianists of every degree of proficiency, are constantly demanded in lavish quantities. This proves the fondness existing for operatic music. As for attaching any importance to the suggestion that the people relish the lyric, but dislike the dramatic portion of the opera, we utterly refuse to listen to such arrant nonsense, though the idea has been broached and somewhat discussed. As well might a man object to having a band play while he is examining a few portraits. Besides, admitting the possibility of the existence of any such absurd prejudice is tantamount to saying that the nation is but semi-civilized. Granting the truth of our propositions, as every candid reader will, the conclusion is at once arrived at that popular taste is not at fault. Therefore the only tenable reason why the opera does not pay liberally, and in fair proportion with other sources of intellectual amusement, is owing to incompetent management. For years past the Italian opera (to which our remarks mainly apply) has been controlled by German-Jew speculators—men of small minds and unscrupulous characters, in most instances. The institution is Hebraic in character to a degree repulsive to the feelings of the community. One man who figured as impresario at the Academies of Music in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and Philadelphia, is illiterate and intellectually weak, and was lifted by the merest combination of lucky circumstances from a very humble, though by no means disreputable calling, to the responsible position of a manager. He brought to the business neither money nor brains, and succeeded only in pocketing a few hundreds of dollars by a parsimonious administration and the absence of a competing corps of singers. He did more to lower the standard of the opera than his predecessors for ten years had done to elevate it. He has at last found his proper level as an itinerant provincial concert manager. Before his rule we had Ullmann, who gave some creditable performances and introduced a few acceptable artists; but he was exceedingly unpopular, and found a change of climate necessary after a few brief seasons. M. Maretzek has given the least occasion for fault-finding, and seems really well qualified for the office of director; but while admitting that he has done more for lyric art than any man who ever undertook to promote it on this side of the Atlantic, we cannot be blind to the fact that his system of management might be greatly improved. A prime obstacle to the success of all operatic ventures in this city is the exorbitant rent asked for the Academy of Music, and the reservation of two hundred choice seats for stockholders. We know for a certainty that an acceptable company of artists cannot be employed as things now stand at the Academy, except at a heavy risk of capital. Had we a theater capable of seating 2,500 people, to be leased for \$400 a week, and let the admission asked be \$1, including a reserved seat, with a fair premium for boxes, the opera could be made not only self-supporting, but highly remunerative. The subscription system must be abolished, for long testing has proved it a dead weight instead of a help to the management. The parties who subscribe one hundred dollars for a choice of seats for so many representations do not wish to witness fewer than five or six operas during a fortnight, and it has been customary to present, after a fashion, ten or a dozen in that period. This system, while it necessitates constant variety, insures it at the expense of excellence in the performances and in the music *en scène*. Last week the "Tannhäuser" was produced "for two nights only," as if it were an exaggerated charade or an itinerant show, having other engagements to fulfill in Hoboken,

Kinderhook, or Pikeville. This one instance exhibits the petty and absurd policy which governs in the production of leading operas. Such a work ought not to be offered this community unless its choral force and scenic splendors are sufficient to attract a large audience for twenty-five or thirty nights, and the failure to prepare it with liberality and taste is an absolute loss of money and reputation to the management. Five thousand dollars more spent upon "Faust" would have heightened public interest in that delightful composition to an extent little dreamed of by the timid directors. Between cheap scenery, nondescript costumes, a hideous and awkward ballet squad, and small choruses, the best operas have time and again been received with disdain by a public that demands attention to details. The dramatic part of operas generally in New York has been almost entirely overlooked, and for a long time the standard attained at the Academy in this particular was that of the old National Theater in Chatham street, or of the Winter Garden in its most critical moments. By right, the opera house should excel the theaters, and had such a man as Mr. Wallack the direction of the Academy stage we need hardly say that such would soon be the case. We want a musical Boucicault here in New York to take the matter in hand. There is more money to be made out of the opera in this city than from old comedies, provided the same amount of brains is employed to draw it from the public pocket. Instead of there being a lack of taste for the most refined amusement of the day, the metropolitan standard is too high to tolerate the results of imbecility and niggardliness which are foisted upon our attention. Depend upon it, the people know the counterfeit from the genuine metal, and hence their greenbacks are so grudgingly given.

## LITERARY NOTES.

### AMERICAN.

THE last number of the *Publishers' Circular* contains a long obituary account of William Makepeace Thackeray, as noticeable for its lack of appreciation of his highest qualities as a writer, as for its mean insinuations against his veracity, as far as his age was concerned. "In most of the biographical notices," it says, "his birth is stated as having taken place in 1811, which would make him only in his fifty-third year when he died. We are not mistaken, we believe, in saying that Mr. Thackeray was born six years earlier, viz., in 1806. He had a weakness, in common with several other eminent men, of desiring to be thought younger than he really was." Further on we have this statement: "Fellow-students with him were Alfred Tennyson, now Poet Laureate, and the late John M. Kemble, the great Anglo-Saxon scholar. Tennyson was born in 1809, and Kemble in 1807. Thackeray was older than either." Again, speaking of a tale which he found time to write, about the age of twenty, for the *New Monthly Magazine*, it is said: "If its author was not born until 1811, then he was not sixteen when this tale was published." Lastly, in referring to Mr. Thackeray's residence at Weimar, we have this positive statement: "Mr. Thackeray here leaves it to be understood that he was a mere lad at the time; but his age was twenty-four."

Charges such as these, made by nobody knows who, over the grave of a great man, whose veracity was unquestionable, inspire a feeling of indignation, and tempt one to characterize them as they deserve. That they are not now made for the first time is evident from the *Roundabout Papers*, where (in the paper "On a Hundred Years Hence") they are thus referred to: "In New York I read a newspaper criticism one day (by an exile from our shores, who has taken up his abode in the Western Republic), commenting upon a letter of mine which had appeared in a contemporary volume, and wherein it was stated that the writer was a lad in such and such a year, and, in point of fact, I was, at the period spoken of, nineteen years of age. 'Falsehood, Mr. Roundabout,' says the noble critic, 'you were not then a lad; you were six-and-twenty years of age.' You see, he knew better than papa, and mamma, and the parish register. It was easier for him to think and say I lied on a two-penny matter connected with my own affairs, than to imagine he was mistaken."

So it appears, the charge being repeated in spite of Mr. Thackeray's denial, in spite of all the biographical notices of his birth, and, worse still, in spite of the plate on his coffin (which he can hardly have ordered, seeing that he died suddenly in the middle of the night), which declared his age to be fifty-two. Enough, however, in answer to impotent malice like this.

Among other things which have transpired concerning the early literary career of Mr. Thackeray, it has lately been discovered that so far back as 1839 he was a correspondent of the *Corsair*, a weekly paper published in New York, and edited by Messrs. Willis and Porter. He was engaged, a writer in the *Independent* tells us, by Mr. Willis himself, who was at that time in England, and his contributions consisted of letters from Paris, which were not long continued, we are not told why.

A memento of Mr. Thackeray's Weimar life (which is probably referred to in the paragraph quoted from the *Roundabout Papers*, "a letter of mine which had appeared in a contemporary volume," viz., Mr. G. H. Lewes's *Life of Goethe*), the court sword of the poet Schiller, purchased by him at that time, is now in this country, in the possession of Mr. Bayard Taylor, who received it directly from Mr. Thackeray some five or six years ago. Mr. Tilton, of the *Independent*, has also a drawing which Mr. Thackeray made on the conclusion of his lectures on "The Four Georges," in Brooklyn. "You will forget all about them," he said to a friend who was congratulating him upon his striking picture of George IV., "if I don't give you a memento," and taking up a small bit of paper he sketched rapidly a perfect likeness of that monarch, "the first gentleman of Europe," in an attitude of easy negligence, reclining upon a sofa, with puffy cheeks and general air of stupidity. *Apocryph* of the lectures on "The Georges," when Mr. Thackeray was delivering them in Edinburgh, some one asked the poet Aytoun, the Tory editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, how he liked them. "H-m," he answered; "better have stuck to the *Jeannettes*—which was a good *mot* for Aytoun."

The mention above of the drawing in the possession of Mr. Tilton reminds the present writer that he has a few pages of Mr. Thackeray's manuscript, which may interest American readers at the present moment. They formed the conclusion of one of his lectures on the English Humorists, as delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of this city, and are, as the reader will see, a manly expression of his feelings toward the American people. The last paragraph is especially touching:

"In England it was my custom after the delivery of these lectures to point such a moral as seemed to me to benefit the country I live in, & to protest against an outcry by some brother-authors of mine most imprudently and unjustly raised, I think, that our profession is neglected & its professors held in light esteem."



Speaking in this country, I would say, that such a complaint would not only not be advanced, but could not even be understood here. Where your men of letters take their manly share in public life; whence Irving goes as Envoy to Washington & Everett & Bancroft to represent the Republic in the Old Country. And if to English authors, the English public is I believe kind & just in the main, can any of us I say, will any who visit your country not proudly & gratefully own with what a cordial & generous greeting you receive us? I look round on this great company: I think of my gallant young patrons of the Mercantile Library Association, as whose servant I appear before you; & of the kind hands stretched out to welcome me by men famous in letters & honored in our country as their own; & I thank you & them for a most kindly welcome & a most generous hospitality. At home & amongst his own people it scarce becomes an English writer to speak of himself, his public estimation must depend upon his works; his private esteem on his character and his life; But here among friends newly found I ask leave to say that I am thankful; & I think with a grateful heart, of those I leave behind me at home, who will be proud of the welcome you hold out to me, & will benefit, please God, when my days of work are over, by the kindness wh. you show to their father."

That solid and stately old Quarterly of ours, the *North American Review*, has recently passed into new hands, Dr. Peabody, its editor during the last ten years, vacating his chair (which, we trust, was a large one), for Mr. James Russell Lowell and Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, who will henceforth conduct it in his stead. Of the scholarship and talent of these gentlemen, there can be no question, nor, if they will set themselves to work in earnest, of the future success of the *North American*. They have but to infuse into its pages a little more animation than has characterized them of late; to enter heartily and honestly, as we are sure they will, into the great questions of the time, literary, political, and otherwise, and the *North American* will become, what such a publication ought to be, an authority for the world of American readers and thinkers.

The January number, which is the first issued under the new regime, contains several excellent papers, the most noticeable of which are those on Prof. Ticknor's recent memoir of the historian Prescott; *The Bible and Slavery*, a review of Prof. Goldwin Smith's pamphlet on that topic; *Immortality in Politics*; *The Early Life of Governor Winthrop*; *The Sanitary Commission*; *Renan's Life of Jesus*, a liberal and candid review of that unique production, alike impartial in its praise and in its censure. The Book Notices, short as they are, are remarkable for ability and fairness. The present publishers of the *North American* are Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, of Boston.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields will soon publish "Revelations of Mother Juliana, an Anchorite of Norwich in the Days of Edward III.," "Daleth, or the Homestead of Nations," by Edward L. Clark; "Stumbling-Blocks," by Gail Hamilton; "The Gipsies of the Dances' Dyke," "Emily Chester," a novel; "Jean Paul Friedrich Richter's Miscellaneous Writings, including Campaner Thal, Quintus Fixlein," etc.; "Sordello, Strafford, and Christmas Eve," by Robert Browning; and "Pet Majorie, or Child Life Fifty Years Ago," by John Brown, M.D.

We presume the latter work will attract considerable attention, partly for the sake of its author, who has a knack of investing trifles with interest, but more on account of Sir Walter Scott, whose "pet" Majorie was, if her biographers may be depended on. She was a little Scotch girl, who, when nearly six years old, was taken from her native home in Fifeshire, and placed in the house of her aunt, Mrs. Keith, in Edinburgh, where Sir Walter, then plain Mr. Scott, saw her, and enjoyed her childish spirits and her talents, which were rather remarkable for a child of her age. (She died, by the way, before she was nine.) She recited poetry, Shakespeare particularly, to the hearty and appreciative poet; kept a diary in which she set down the chief events of her life, and wrote verse, as many a little girl has done before and since. Take this for a specimen:

## A DIRGE.

"Three Turkeys fair their last have breathed,  
And now this world for ever leaved,  
Their father and their mothers too,  
Will sigh and weep as well as you,  
Mourning for their offspring fair,  
Whom they did nurse with tender care,  
Indeed the rats their bones have crunched,  
Into eternity are they launched;  
Their graceful forms and pretty eyes  
Their fellow birds did not despise,  
A direful death indeed they had,  
That would put any parent mad,  
But she was more than usual calm,  
She did not give a single dam!"

Or this, which strikes at higher fame, the last of "The Four Georges":

"Two days ago was the King's birthday,  
And to his health was sung a lay,  
Poor man! his health is very bad,  
And he is very often mad,—  
He was a very comely lad!  
Since death took his girl from his sight,  
He to her grave doth walk at night;  
His son the grand, grand Duke of York,  
I'm sure he eateth plenty of pork,  
For I do hear that he is fat,  
But I am not so sure of that."

These and similar effusions in prose and verse, the "remains" of Pet Majorie, were ferreted out by some "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles" nearly fifty years after her death (she died on the 19th December, 1811), who wrote a memoir of the child, which was published in the *Pife Herald* in 1858. Dr. Brown, the author of "Rab and his Friends," revived the subject in a late number of the *North British Review*, and made the most of it, of course, in his usual robust-sentimental way. It is this paper of his, we presume, which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields reprint.

They have also in press an illustrated edition of Tennyson's Poems, which will be enriched by the author with a number of hitherto unpublished pieces, which, we trust, will be better than his recent contributions to the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Mr. Browning's volume, mentioned above, is not a new one, two of the three poems of which it consists being among his earliest works. "Sordello" has long been the laughing-stock of his enemies, none of whom have been able to read it, nor have his friends either, for that matter. Its obscurity is said to be owing to his having struck out every other line of the original MSS. before sending it to press. A joke, of course, but not a bad one, as its readers, if it shall have any, when reprinted, will see.

Mr. Browning's poems and plays, we may remark *en passant*, were originally brought out in numbers, under the title of "Bells and Pomegranates." There were eight of these numbers, extending from 1841 to 1846. From the seventh, which bears the date of 1845, and contains the second series of his "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics," we copy an Anacreontic which is omitted in all the later editions of his works. It comes between "Night and Morning" and "Saul."

## CLARET AND TOKAY.

"My heart sunk with our Claret-Sack,  
Just now, beneath the heavy sedge;  
That serve this pond's black face for mask;  
And still at yonder broken edge  
Of the hole, whereon the bubbles glaze,  
After my heart I look and listen."

II.  
Our laughing little flask, compell'd  
Thro' depth to depth more bleak and shady;  
As when, both arms beside her held,  
Feet straightened out, some gay French lady  
Caught up from life's light and motion,  
And dropped into Death's silent ocean!"

Up jumped Tokay on our table,  
Like a plucky castle-warrior,  
Dwarfish to see, but stout and able,  
Arms and accoutrements all in order;  
And fierce he looked north, then, wheeling south,  
Blew with his bugle a challenge to Drough,  
Cocked his flap-hat with the toss-pot feather,  
Twisted his thumb in his red moustache,  
Gingled his huge brass spurs together,  
Tightened his waist with its Buda sash,  
And then, with an impudence nought could abash,  
Shrugged his hump-shoulder,  
To tell the beholder,  
For twenty such knaves he should laugh but the bolder,  
And so with his sword-belt gallantly jutting,  
And dexter hand on his haunch abutting,  
Went the little man from Ausbruch, strutting!"

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have in press two volumes by Mr. Herbert Spencer, "Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative;" and "Illustrations of Universal Progress and First Principles of a New System of Philosophy."

Mr. G. W. Carleton announces three new works: "Recommended to Mercy," an English novel; "Victorine," a story (reprinted from the *Springfield Republican*); and a new novel by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes.

Mr. Charles Scribner will shortly publish "Man and Nature," by the Hon. George P. Marsh; "Chaplains of the Revolution," by J. T. Headley; Schaff's "History of the Christian Church in the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Centuries;" "Thoughts for the Christian Life," by the Rev. James Drummond; and "America and her Commentators," by H. T. Tuckerman.

## BOSTON.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1864.

SPEAKING of Mr. Bartlett's Book of Familiar Quotations last week (and in passing I may say the call for it has compelled the publishers to put the eighth thousand to press), reminds of the efforts another scholar is now making to supply the daily wants of those whose thoughts are engaged in the routine of literature. In that room where the collaborators of Worcester were occupied, each with his desk and book-rack, a few years ago, in fitting into their places the varied additions and improvements which give enhanced value to the present quarto form of that lexicographer's great work, I remember to have seen among his fellows the gentleman whose name stands second in the list of assistants to whom Dr. W. expresses his acknowledgments in his preface. The interest in philological studies there fostered has not died out with him since, and he has been perfecting an idea, formed long since, of making a book of reference, which will do for the names of fiction and pseudonyms, the duty which Mr. Bartlett's book has done for the familiar waifs that we commonly find astray. The public need not expect the volume to which I refer for some months yet, but its title conveys the useful character of it beforehand.

"An explanatory and pronouncing Dictionary of the Names of Noted Fictitious Persons and Places, including, also, celebrated Pseudonyms, surnames bestowed upon eminent men, and such analogous popular appellations as are often referred to in literature and conversation; by William A. Wheeler, M.A.;" and it will bear the names of the Messrs. Merriam of Springfield, Mass., on the title.

De Quincy, I think, rather libels the age when he says that people in these days read nothing that is more than forty-eight hours old. But when he continues that he is daily admonished that allusions the most obvious to anything in the rear of our own time need explanation, he has indicated precisely what Mr. W. proposes doing, and what has never before been done in any language. Consequently the task has been very great; and a beginning was to be made without as much as a survey of the field from any predecessor. Mr. Hawthorne, in reference to Mr. W.'s scheme, says that he once had a similar idea in his own mind—a sort of mythological dictionary embracing the principal characters in modern fiction. The author does not hope at once to follow all the ramifications suggested by such a plan; but if life be spared him, I believe, he intends to enlarge the scope of the volume at some future time. His present purpose is to confine himself to proper names, or such as designate individual persons, places or things. In this way he leaves out generic names, bygone customs, as well as the ancient mythologies of the Greeks, Romans, the Norse, and Hindoos, as dictionaries exist available for such classes; but for the less accessible names of the Rabbinical and Mohammedan mythologies he finds some room, while he more particularly attends to angelology, demonology, fairy mythology, and popular superstitions. He says he has found a number of important characters in parables, allegories, proverbs, and medieval legendry; pseudo-saints in ecclesiastical history, and much in poetry and prose romance. He gives his opinion that the chief English romancers most known through their characters are Bunyan, De Foe, Swift, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Goldsmith, Scott, and Dickens. He will not confine his selections to these, but proposes to exercise moderation in discriminating among the creations of the minor novelists. He will also include the most important sobriquets of famous men, and names of parties, sects, laws, and battles, and the poetic or popular names of seas, counties, states, cities, etc. There are certain historical by-names, such as *Omnibus Bill*, *Wilmot Proviso*, etc., which will not be neglected; and some selections will be made from the quasi-historical names like *Robin Hood*, *Minerva Press*, etc. He will give illustrative citations to some extent, and always indicate the pronunciation of the best authorities. I think, from what I have indicated, it will be seen that what Mr. Everett tells the author of his conception being a happy one is correct; and I am prepared to think, from the vast labor bestowed and the kindness with which his questions have been answered by adepts in this country and in England, that the performance will be more than can be expected in such an untried field. The author can be addressed by those interested in his plan, to the care of his publishers.

I turn now to some early sheets which Little, Brown & Co. have put in my hands. Mr. Lorenzo Sabine is a native of New Hampshire, but passed his early manhood in commercial occupations at Eastport, Me., and while there was thrown into intimate relations with the descendants of the very refugees of our Revolution, and established himself with such credit over the border, that various

family documents were intrusted to him for historical uses. With this and other material he furnished several articles to the *North American* some years ago, setting forth in a new light the story of those political exiles, and he also practiced his pen in other ways, being I believe one of the contributors Mr. Sparks depended on in his American Biography series. The result of his special studies appeared in an octavo in 1847, "The American Loyalists, or Biographical Sketches of Adherents to the British Crown in the War of the Revolution, with a preliminary historical Essay." He said he should continue his investigation if the public afforded encouragement; and such was the welcome extended the volume by historical students that it has now been long out of print. The publication opened the way to many new fields, and when Mr. S. was afterward called to Boston to become the secretary of the Board of Trade—a position he has acceptably filled for some years—he found his more central position conducing to success in his investigations. He had got so much additional matter that he contemplated a new edition in the autumn of 1857, but the financial crisis of that season delayed its immediate progress, and now that the book trade is assuming unusual prosperity, his publishers have his copy in hand, which gives a work thoroughly remodeled, greatly augmented, and to be put forth in two volumes.

I have carefully compared the new edition with the old, as far as regards the essay, and find the later one more lucidly arranged, and otherwise improved. In the light of passing events, I have re-read it with increased interest. Mr. S. very satisfactorily disposes of some popular notions which have sprung up. He does not trace to the tax on tea, and similar imposts, the cause of the struggle for independence, for under the regulations that were so obnoxious the tax was absolutely less than had been before; but to restrictions that it imposed on colonial commerce in order to confer aggrandizement on the East India Company; and such restrictions were well calculated to rouse a commercial people like the Colonists, where one-fourth of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were bred to trade or had commanded ships; and since the Northern Colonies were more immediately interested in the question, he does not hesitate to allow the whigs of the Southern ones were more meritorious in their constancy, because more disinterested. I remember to have heard of Professor Hauser, of Heidelberg, make a point in one of his lectures, to the great edification of his German hearers, and to their no small amusement, that the boasted nationality of America arose from the mere determination of the people of Massachusetts that they would have their tea a penny or two the pound cheaper. This narrow view of the question has gone forth, then, over the world, without a due recognition of the point at issue, which was, whether the Colonists existed for the benefit of the mother country or for the advancement of themselves?—a question of commercial significance merely. And are we not fighting out the same conflict now? Shall Louisiana, which the country purchased, go to aggrandize one section at the expense of the other? Shall the North be taxed for intercourse with the South? These were the questions that aroused the North in April, 1861—and how parallel is the historical evidence! Down to the very affairs at Lexington and Concord, there is the testimony of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and others whose word cannot be impeached, that there was no widespread determination to carry the controversy with the mother country to the issue of independence. "Time," said Washington, "would work that determination;" and we all know how time has brought the public opinion of the North to-day to a different regard to slavery than was held by the majority in April, 1861.

It is instructive to note what a correspondence exists between communities to-day that by the political gauge are considered of less sanguine patriotism than others, and those that were the centers of loyalty to the Crown. Connecticut, of the New England states, holds a similar distinction to-day which her supremacy as attachment to the monarchy gave her in the Revolution. In New York, Mr. S. estimates that the Tories outnumbered the whigs; and with this drawback was the necessity of her falling short of payments apportioned her during the war, to the sum of \$2,000,000, while Massachusetts overpaid \$1,200,000. If we take that portion of her population, whose lineage is traceable, within the state, to the era of the Revolution, it may be that the political tests of to-day, as violently drawn, will show an equal division; or, at least, such seems to have been expected of her by the rebels themselves. So of Pennsylvania. Mr. S. says her counsels were long timid, and her performance inadequate to her position—a reproach there have been some to apply to her in the days when we have seen Harrisburg so destitute of her own troops. With regard to Virginia, the landholders were, as a class, whigs, contrary to the condition of New York; and with all that, she exercised the same reluctance in breaking her colonial bonds that she showed in the course of secession but recently. Yet this same weakness of purpose which allowed her to be driven before the South to-day, corresponds to the lukewarmness that characterized her then, when her troops numbered only somewhat over half those raised in Massachusetts, though their quotas for several years were the same. We trace the really courageous resistance to the Confederate autocracy that North Carolina has shown in our day, to the same sires that made themselves Regulators, and signed the Mecklenburgh Declaration; and though perhaps not numerically stronger than the adherents of the Crown, they embraced, as Unionism does now among them, the larger share of the wealth, virtue, and intelligence of the state. In respect to South Carolina, Mr. S.'s statements in his first edition produced considerable acrimony, as was shown in a consideration of the work in the *Southwestern Quarterly Review*. He repeats all now, save one "grave error," which he retracts—and this was a common opinion. Mr. Webster, in his speeches at Charleston and Savannah, was not gainsaid when he spoke of the bones of New England's sons beneath the sod on the battle-fields of South Carolina. Even the spokesman of the secession extended him at Charleston made a similar statement—so unguardedly was a conclusion made. The *Review* in question, and the senators of South Carolina in 1856, repelled, in Congressional debate, the aspersion that New England ever sent troops to their aid, whatever they may have done with generals; and the author freely states that he has not been able to find that New England troops were in any battle south of Virginia. "He is also willing to acknowledge that the same state did what some at the North were remiss in, that is, she overpaid, by some \$1,200,000, the charges laid upon her by Congress; but he reiterates, what he cites sufficient Southern testimony to prove, that the horrors of the war between the two factions in that state were carried beyond the limit of civilized conflict, and were in fact what the death-heads they have in our day flaunted so boastfully can but signify—a war of extermination. It would be difficult to say which side was worse in these enormities, the whig or the Tory. It is equally certain that, after the fall of Charleston, the Tories were in the ascendant, and when General Prevost, according to a Southern historian, was investing their capital, the ancestors of the same people that originated Nullification and Secession offered so far to secede from the Confederacy of that day as to remain neutral for the rest of the war, and trust their future to its decision elsewhere. With all this in her disfavor, Mr. S. is convinced South Carolina was the most just and merciful of all the states in the way she dealt with the loyalists after peace was attained, while he charges upon Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia, inexorable severity.

The table that is given in the first edition from Gen. Knox's report of all the troops furnished Congress by the colonies has



caused some comment, and its reliability has been even questioned. In reprinting it, Mr. S. refers the querulous to the documents themselves, explaining that the sum total of 231,796 soldiers which Congress raised must not be considered as so many men, but as so many different enlistments, one soldier frequently serving two or more terms; and he adds that the combined armies, when at the largest, never numbered over 47,000 men, and that was in 1776; while each subsequent year saw a gradually diminishing force till 1781, when from that time to the war's close the army lists only showed about 14,000 men. He has seen fit to increase by 5,000 the number of loyalists named in his first edition as having taken the field on the side of the Crown, making, as he now puts it, at least 25,000 allies of the British among the inhabitants of the soil. This is more than an offset to the French contingent which British authorities lay so much stress upon as allies of the whigs. It is noticeable that in all their addresses, etc., the loyalists constantly assume that they outnumbered the disaffected throughout the Colonies. The statement is hardly correct, but it shows how even a large minority—as would appear in our present day at the South—may be completely neutralized by vigorous writing and adroit address on the opposing side. Among the loyalists of the Revolution was certainly a large share, take the Colonies through, of the best educated of the people, but they could not find among themselves a person of just the qualifications to cope with Samuel Adams as a pamphleteer. Of the thirty-seven newspapers in the Colonies, but seven or eight were in the service of the Crown, and of the others, five before the war closed went over to the loyal side without affecting the result. Among the early prominent loyalists, Hamilton himself is mentioned, and he did not lose his faith in their side till he visited Boston, which little city has shaken others' faiths of one kind or another in her time. We, however, inasmuch as we have a reputation of doing things in rather a sweeping way, as if excess was consecrated by the good qualities of a little, may find some counsel in what Mr. S. says of our conduct, and even of New York's, in the treatment of the unfortunate losers in that war. He points us to the Provinces and to Upper Canada, and tells us that those countries grew up out of the expatriation forced upon the loyalists at the conclusion of the strife, and grew up in a bitterness, fostered among their descendants, that nearly worked up a war over the New England boundary question, has produced constant discord about the fisheries, and is still shown by the welcome asylum that the enemies of the country to-day find among them. The hundreds that sailed from Boston with the British fleet when Washington's cannon bristled on Dorchester Heights, and the thousands that went in that "September fleet" from New York upon the close of the war, have transmitted to their descendants no very pleasing reminiscences of what they suffered for devotion to their king. Let us hope the day is not very distant when the fate of those who not very many months ago acknowledged one flag with ourselves may be left to our decision, and let us not forget that a want of clemency now may beget feelings which, if stifled for the present, may yet encounter our children with a transmitted rancor.

If there is counsel in that, we turn to this other book for some degree of consolation. It is Cochran's "Results of Emancipation," and though this translation by Miss Booth (who has done so much to introduce us to Gasparin and About, and is now at work with another translator on Martin's History of France) was first given to us two years ago by Walker, Wise & Co., they now reissue the fourth thousand in more popular form, with a transference to our currency and measures of its numerous statistical statements. This scheme of popularizing it will doubtless bring its counsel and suggestions to an increase of heads and hearts. The common reader who is suspicious of party pamphlets when slavery is the theme, will grow satisfied as he proceeds in this volume of the moderation and carefulness of the writer, and readily discover that he is not of the dreamy, visionary sort. There is but one statement that he makes that seems unduly extravagant, and that is when he says that in America there are whole libraries of books written in defense of slavery. We suspect he must have ensconced himself for the nonce in the brain of a De Bow reviewer, where the wish is father to the thought. The book is more particularly devoted to a consideration of the French Colonies; the account he gives of English Colonies being perhaps excelled in some respects if not more carefully digested in other works, of which we had in 1861-2 some good recapitulations in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

It is only another instance how erroneous statements will get a currency, like that of Webster's at Charleston, when M. Cochran says he found that it was generally said in France that emancipation had ruined their colonies, a statement passed without the examination that at once disproves it. Nor is this "braving of evidence and history," as he calls it, the habit of only one side. The abolitionists, he complains, were constantly talking of the most brilliant intellectual destinies in store for the African race. To hear some talk with us, you would think earth never had a hero like L'Ouverture, an orator like Douglass. I remember the enthusiasm which Mrs. Stowe's famous novel excited in France. Even the huge Mid-Lent ox, that circumambulated the Boulevards, bore on his velvet covering the oracular *L'Oncle Tom*. It did not chill the popular fervor that at some of the half-a-dozen playhouses—each with its own version of that novel—they represented the banks of the Ohio with Alpine scenery of snow-capped mountains. I remember to have seen, one winter, Ira Aldridge, the negro Roscius, taken to the bosom of all the prominent families at Heidelberg, and the box where a few Americans congregated got malicious glances from the audience when he chuckled his white Desdemona under the chin, and rolled out the rotundity of Othello's passion in a tone that I think no one could rival but his Excellency the Governor of this commonwealth in delivering a grandiose speech of welcome to a returned regiment. And those malicious glances confounded North and South in the one level of barbarism.

I spoke of the consolation from the book; and it is in view of the evils that are predicted from the manumission of four millions, if there will be that number left to manumit. Just these portents troubled the West Indian colonists, and though, as the author says, we must not expect a score years of freedom will repair the damage of two centuries of servitude, yet it is something to know that one-half the number of troops now preserve the peace that were required when two-thirds of the population were in bondage; that in morality the islands have become even better than the mother country; that the ratio of the sexes, the proportion of births to deaths, which slavery inevitably perturbs, are again brought back to the normal condition; and that if the moralist is satisfied with these results, it is hoped the economist is also satisfied with the exhibit of the tables of production and resources, which already, as M. Cochran proves, show a balance on the right side. It will of course be objected that England may indeed free her 800,000 and France her lesser number without disturbance, but it is a different thing with our millions. It is not often that the most cautious man, with capital to invest, hesitates to embark it where he sees a neighbor doing well with a quarter of his resources. So I take it, though my figure is a little loose, that with the blessing of Providence we may venture to embark our greater capital of human souls, with a fair prospect of return.

But writing on, I have before me the concluding "signatures" of Mr. Sabine's Essay, the last chapter of which he says is "the result of long and patient study," and an addition entire to his

former issue. I revert to it because it increases the food for consolation I was just now garnering. I not long since reread Irving's "Life of Washington," and renewed my old pleasure in it, but with a tinge of sadness, for without the experience of to-day I had failed to see in their due magnitude the traits that darkened that epoch behind the bright effulgence of the Revolutionary spirit. Mr. Sabine now renews in me those sensations. He does not set forth these stains upon patriotism with captiousness, but, as he says, out of pure justice to the losers in that strife and that we may see to-day that we have not fallen upon so degenerate days as we are too prone to think. The new word "shoddy" does not bring in a new condition. It existed all but in name in the days that tried men's souls, and was a contingent element of what tried them. It seems as if I were scanning a partisan newspaper to-day, to see the array of charges of speculation, fraud, and rapacity; of sequestered estates and greedy speculators; of stock-jobbing and extortion. Washington, in 1775, said he trembled at the prospect in view of this "degeneracy;" and he subsequently declared no punishment too severe for one who can build his greatness upon his country's ruin. "Party disputes," he says again, "and personal quarrels are the great business of the day." There were army contractors then who became rich in a single campaign. The illicit traffic with the royal troops might even shame the enormities alleged of our present custom officers and abettors. When Washington's army was dying of hunger and cold at Valley Forge, the people who could have supported them, measuring by their ability to import tea to the value of two and a half millions before the war, saw with an unconcern that wounded their commander, the stores of provisions that were run from the country into Philadelphia for the support of the enemy's forces. The public securities were counterfeited then to a degree we have not experienced now. Debts were repudiated and taxes unpaid. At one time almost every state had but an eighth of its quota in the field; and there was less outcry than now, when a conscription produces a third. The Government paid bounties that astonish us now—a thousand dollars being at one time the price. Desertions were numerous, and there are regions in the back parts of Vermont where these renegades settled by hundreds; and it was very common for a deserter to re-enlist for the bounty. Washington complained that the states sent him officers "not fit for shoe-blacks." Knox said that "cabal and intrigue" pushed aside merit. Officers resigned in the face of the enemy. Surgeons were bribed for discharge papers. Generals were tried and discarded as often as now, and eighteen were retired, some of them for dishonorable causes, during the struggle. John Adams wrote that he was wearied to death with this wrangling and quarreling of the military men, "scrambling for rank and pay like apes for nuts." If we have reactionary fevers that sacrifice good men to our public fickleness, let us remember, since misery likes companionable thoughts, that but one Congressman was held to his duties throughout that struggle, and that but three of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were retained in office by the people at its consummation in peace. If we have drawn warning from these sheets, they afford us also a little consolation, after reading some of the uncomfortable editorials of the press, inasmuch as we have a warrant to think that the world may forget our "shoddy" hereafter, as it is apt to forget its equivalent of the days of the Revolution.

## FOREIGN.

**Shakespeareana.**—The Tercentenary Celebration is not likely to be so harmonious as the lovers of Shakespeare could wish, for a variety of reasons incident to such proceedings in general, and human nature in particular. *Imprimis*. A certain set in London is striving to be at the head of all that shall be done in the matter; to choose the men it fancies for vice-presidents, secretaries, and the like, and, of course, to exclude those it does not fancy; in short, to make a "Ring." This set is mostly made up, we believe, of men who are connected with the *Athenæum*, as contributors or otherwise, and who believe in that journal and its editor, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the gentleman who attacked Lord Macaulay for his portrait of William Penn in the "History of England," writing a volume in answer to the historian's charges (with what success, we know not), and later, a Personal Memoir of Lord Bacon, a piece of disgraceful special-pleading which ignores nearly all the serious charges against

"The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

Mr. Dixon is understood to be the "potent spirit" of the Tercentenary Celebration, a fact (if it be one) which goes far to account for the want of harmony now existing among the Shakespeareans of England. *Secundo*. There is a difference of opinion as to where the Celebration should be held, the London men maintaining London to be the only place, while the Stratford men claim that it should come off at Stratford. Mr. Flower, the Mayor of Stratford, who has taken the matter in hand, has recently made visits to Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, to interest the Shakespeareans of those cities in behalf of Stratford as the proper place for a national monument to Shakespeare. He does not appear to have accomplished much in Liverpool beyond obtaining the name of its Mayor and two or three of its influential citizens as members of the Stratford Committee, the majority of the meeting which was convened to meet him carrying a resolution to this effect: "That it is desirable to celebrate in Liverpool, on the 23d of April next, the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare." He was more fortunate at Manchester, where this resolution was carried: "That this committee fully recognize the strong claims which the local committee of Stratford-on-Avon have upon the public generally throughout the kingdom for co-operation and assistance in their determination to secure at Stratford-on-Avon a national monument; and that this committee undertake, in such manner as may be hereafter determined, to give their cordial assistance to such local committee." And at Birmingham, likewise, where this resolution was carried unanimously: "That this meeting fully recognizes the strong claims which the local committee of Stratford-on-Avon have upon the public generally throughout the kingdom, and especially upon Birmingham, for co-operation and assistance in their determination to celebrate the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth."

The programme proposed to be adopted at the Stratford festival is as follows: On Saturday, April 23, a procession of the county and town authorities, to attend the ceremonial of laying the foundation stone of the monumental memorial, and at four o'clock a banquet; on Sunday, full services at the parish church, and collections for a charitable object; on Monday, the oratorio of "The Messiah," and a miscellaneous Shakespearean concert in the even-

ing; on Tuesday, excursions to all the interesting spots in the neighborhood of Stratford associated with the name of Shakespeare; in the evening, a dramatic performance, under the direction of Mr. Buckstone; on Wednesday, a reading by Mrs. Fanny Kemble, provided her services can be obtained, and in the evening a performance of one of Shakespeare's tragedies; Thursday to be devoted to popular amusements and the Shakespearean fancy dress ball.

The Shakespeareans of Canada intend to celebrate the Tercentenary by a lecture, a play, or something of the sort, they have not yet decided what.

The National Shakespeare Committee, as they style themselves, have lately chosen two more vice-presidents—Earl Granville, Lord President of the Privy Council, and the Lord Mayor of London. They have also added to their list a number of solid men, the most prominent of whom are Mr. Mathew Arnold, the poet, Sir Rowland Hill, Mr. James Anderson, the tragedian, Mr. Henry A. Bright, the Rev. Thomas Corser, the antiquarian, the Right Hon. the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Provost of Sterling, the Mayor of Kendal, the Mayor of Northampton, and the Chief Justice of British Guiana. The most notable of the vice-presidents already elected are Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Of the rejection of William Makepeace Thackeray we have before spoken, but not with the knowledge that we could have wished. From all that we can learn in the premises, however, he was thrown over by the *clique* that we have mentioned—not openly, of course, but in a parliamentary manner. He had been written to several times, it was explained to the chairman, to join, as an equal, the great body of the committee, but as he had not replied to any one invitation, his unwillingness to do so was thereby manifested. The chairman remarked that the committee could not possibly elect a man who was unwilling to serve, and so the matter was dropped. That Mr. Thackeray was unwilling, as was insinuated, to join a movement in honor of Shakespeare, was of course false. He was, he must have been, anxious to have figured therein; but not on the invitation of the gentleman by whom it was sent; not the general secretary (Mr. Hepworth Dixon?) who was then absent from Europe, but the person who was acting in his behalf, the secretary of the day, whose name has not reached us, but whom the *Illustrated Times* characterized as "the well-known editor of a certain literary journal, famous for puffing the books of its contributors." Another person, "a novelist of feeble powers," was also connected with the rejection of Mr. Thackeray. A second account sheds a little more light on the squabble, but not enough for us to be certain of the parties concerned in it. "The two most prominent gentlemen in this acting committee or council, not as originators, but as secretaries, are the David and Jonathan of a literary organ whose columns were disfigured by a virulent and indecent criticism—needlessly cruel, offensive, and unjust—on the charming novel by Miss Thackeray, 'The Story of Elizabeth.' To one or both of these gentlemen the father of the authoress attributed (rightly or wrongly, but wrongly, as we suppose) the slashing review, and was highly indignant at its cruel attack. This was known to the committee; and yet, with exquisite taste, these gentlemen were put promptly forward to write and beg the adhesion of the great satirist of the day. It was as if Jeames, after coquetting with Hangelina, when at the height of his fortune were condescendingly to ask Captain Silvertop to dinner. The historian of literary snobs and snobs in general most probably—shall we say properly?—threw the letters into the fire, and hence the apparent slight on the committee."

How petty all this seems now that the great novelist has passed away! It will be remembered, however, as one of the incidents of the Tercentenary Celebration, and as such we chronicle it.

What action the literary men of Germany intend to take on this occasion has not been made public. We may mention, however, as an item of theatrical news, that Shakespeare's historical dramas, "Richard the Second," "Henry the Fourth" (both parts), and "Henry the Fifth," are to be represented at the Grand Ducal Theater, Weimar, night after night, in the week following Easter, thus introducing to Germany the Jubilee of the "myriad-minded" bard.

In the way of Shakespeare announcements since our last, we notice a little volume of photographic illustrations of the "Seven Ages of Man," after the well-known designs of Robert Smirke, and a photographic reproduction of the Shakespeare Gallery, meaning, we presume, the pretentious failure of Mr. Alderman Boydell. A specimen or two of Le Chevalier de Châtelain's recent "traduction" of *Hamlet* is rather amusing. Take, for instance, the lines,

"What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that fair and warlike form  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march?"

which are thus done into French:

"Quel est-tu? toi dont la froide audace  
Viens usurper ici la forme du feu roi,  
Et jeter dans les cœurs et le trouble et l'effroi?"

Or these:

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!"  
"Pourquoi cette chair si solide  
Ne peut-elle se fondre, et, devenant liquide,  
Se dissoudre en rosée?"

Better still is the following passage in prose:

"Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one now to mock your own jeering? quite chap-fallen?"  
"Ici étaient attachées ses lèvres que j'ai baisées, je ne sais combien de fois. Où sont maintenant vos gauseries? vos saillies? vos chansons et ces éclairs de gaieté qui électrisaient tous les convives d'une table? Vous n'avez plus un mot maintenant pour vos moqueries de vos propres grimaces; vos pauvres lèvres sont absentes!"

Mr. W. Winwood Reade has recently published a jaunty volume which he calls "Savage Africa," and which contains a narrative of a tour made by him in Equatorial, South-western, and Northwestern Africa. He gossips pleasantly enough of the various regions through which he passed, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and makes a few notes concerning the much-abused gorilla. Of his, or its historian, M. Du Chaillu, he speaks rather slightly, taking the cue, no doubt, from Dr. Gray, or some such profound anatomist.

"To M. P. B. Du Chaillu," he says, "science stands indebted for no less than sixteen well-preserved specimens of this ape. As a careful and industrious collector of skins, M. Du Chaillu has achieved labors worthy of an Audubon. His account of the gorilla's habits, which was prepared in New York, does not, however, add anything of value to the foregoing descriptions. The supposed facts which I have already quoted have been molded round him into adventures of which he was made the hero. In the history of these exploits it is stated, in addition, that the gorilla, when enraged, beats its breast with its hand, thus making a noise which can be heard at the distance of three miles, and that he kills his antagonist with a single blow of his paw, ripping open the skull or the belly. After five months' careful investigation, I found that a gorilla neither beats his breast like a drum, nor attacks man in the above manner; that M. Du Chaillu has written much of the gorilla which is true, but which is not new; and a little which is new, but which is very far from being true.



Therefore, in presenting to the reader the evidence of the native hunters, which I collected in the gorilla country, and in comparing it with that collected in the same manner by Messrs. Savage, Ford, etc., I am compelled to put aside as worthless the evidence of M. Du Chaillu, who has had better opportunities than any of us of learning the real nature of the animal, but who has, unhappily, been induced to sacrifice truth to effect, and the esteem of scientific men for a short-lived popularity. In a paper which I read before the Zoological Society, and which has been published in their 'Proceedings,' I stated the evidence upon which I have been led to assert that M. Du Chaillu never killed a gorilla. In other respects his book is a medley of truth and fiction, and of which I can give a minute analysis if required."

Dr. Thomas L. Nichols, who is not unknown to the journalists of America, and who has resided in England since the breaking out of the present war, with which, so far at least as the North is concerned, he is understood to have no sympathy—Dr. Nichols, ex-journalist, ex-water-cure physician, is about to publish a couple of bulky volumes, entitled "Forty Years in America." "Few men in America," says his publisher, "have had wider or better opportunities for observing the life, progress, and disruption of a great nation, than Dr. Nichols has enjoyed for nearly half a century. He has resided in twenty-three states, and is personally acquainted with the most influential men of all parties." This may answer for a "puff preliminary" in England, but it has no weight here, where Dr. Nichols is known. He may have resided in twenty-three states, and may have been acquainted with some of our public men—but what then? The value of such a residence, and such an acquaintance, depends somewhat on the abilities of the man who would take advantage of them, and somewhat on his standing; when neither are above the average, he can hardly hope to be listened to with much attention. To consider him an authority is absurd.

All the novels of the author of "Adam Bede" (Mrs. G. H. Lewes) have been translated into French, by M. D'Albert Durade, and published at Basle.

A cheap German translation of Mr. Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great" is circulating in Prussia.

An enterprising London publisher announces an illustrated edition of Mr. Samuel Warren's famous "Diary of a Physician." Mr. Warren is now Recorder of Hull, and Commissioner of Lunacy.

Directories are not usually considered entertaining reading, but they sometimes contain important information for antiquarian purposes. Such at least seems to be the opinion of an English publisher, who has recently reprinted the earliest known London Directory. Here is its title: "A Collection of the Names of the Merchants Living in and about the City of London; very useful and necessary. Carefully Collected for the Benefit of all Dealers that shall have occasion with any of them; directing them at the first sight of their name to the place of their abode. London: Printed for Sam Lee, 1677."

Concerning this unique volume, the *London Review* has a few words of literary gossip: "Of the only two known copies, one is preserved in the Free Library at Manchester, and the other, imperfect, was sold a short time since at the sale of the late Rev. Joseph Hunter's Library, at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's; it produced £9, and was purchased, we believe, for the British Museum. The little book is curious, among other things, as containing the name of Alexander Pope, the father of the poet, among the merchants residing in Broad street. It was in this thoroughfare that the poet, in all probability, was born. The crooked-backed little genius—like most human diminutives—was a vain man. When people at Twickenham, or at Button's Coffee-house in Covent Garden, talked to him about his father, he generally spoke of their old city house as somewhere down in Lombard street, amongst the baronets and aldermen who kept banks and offices of exchange about there. Pope liked the idea of his father keeping such excellent and lofty company, and probably for this reason, never mentioned Broad street. The little old-fashioned 'Directory,' however, has told the true tale. The names of the Messrs. Hoare, the eminent bankers of Fleet street, at the sign of the 'Leathern Bottle'—the house, by the way, where Oliver Cromwell kept his money—occurs in the directory, as do also those of the Messrs. Child, the well-known bankers of Temple Bar."

Mr. Henry Morley has a new book in the press, entitled "English Writers before Chaucer."

There is no truth in the report which was current here a few weeks since, that the report of the Heenan and King fight was written by the author of "Tom Brown's School Days."

The Rev. T. S. Norgate has translated the *Iliad* into blank verse.

Mr. H. C. Barlow will shortly publish "Contributions to the Critical Study of the Divina Commedia of Dante."

Mr. John Lubbock, F.R.S., the President of the Ethnological Society, has in press, "Prehistoric Archeology; or, Essays on the Primitive Condition of Man in Europe and America."

Mr. Isaac Taylor, long and honorably known for his thoughtful contributions in various departments of literature, is writing a series of Personal Recollections for *Good Words*. The first, in the January number, is called "The Cornish Coast Sixty Years Ago."

Mr. Walter Thornbury has a new novel in press, with the startling name of "Wildfire."

The excitement caused by the publication of M. Renan's "Life of Jesus" has not in the least subsided, thanks to the folly of the Catholic clergy, who are continually fulminating about it. Among the latest by whom it is attacked, are the Archbishop of Aix and the Bishop of Valence, who have published fiery pastoral letters against it, and the Bishop of Langres, who has brought out a refutation which his Majesty Louis Napoleon "has seen with pleasure." The curate of a village near Biella, in Italy, has declared to his flock that in future he will not pray to St. Ernest (M. Renan's name is Ernest), nor baptize children with his name! M. Renan's volume has been excommunicated in Naples, where, by the way, it is extremely popular, a large edition of the French edition, and a still larger one of an Italian translation, having been sold there. In contrast to his clergy, Victor Emanuel has just bestowed upon M. Renan the decorations of the Orders of St. Maurice and St. Lazare. In Germany, where one would naturally expect a sympathy with M. Renan's free-thinking, prayers have been offered up to appease the anger of the deity against his book, and in one city, Vienna, it has been publicly burned.

M. Victor Hugo has just completed a new work, and in a department of literature not hitherto illustrated by him—Shakespeareana. Its title is, "Shakespeare, by V. H." Of M. Hugo's great romance, we find the following bit of gossip in the *London Book-seller*: "Not very long ago, when M. Victor Hugo thought of disposing of his now famous work, 'Les Misérables,' he entered into negotiations with an eminent Paris house, to which he offered the copyright for 300,000 francs, or £12,000. The sum was thought exorbitant, which led to the breaking off of the negotiations, not without some secret sneers at the extravagant demands of book-makers. This came to the ears of a young publisher of Brussels, M. Lacroix, who no sooner heard of the matter than he set out for Guernsey, demanded and obtained an interview with Victor Hugo, was allowed to read a portion of the manuscript of the 'Misérables,' and, having done so, offered at once to pay the 300,000 francs. 'Your business is not a large one,' remarked M. Victor Hugo. 'No, but I intend making it so—by your book,' was the

reply. 'Then you are rich,' suggested the poet. 'No, I am not; but I hope to acquire wealth—by your book. To publish it, I stake my whole fortune.' It is unnecessary to say that the stake has proved an exceedingly good one, the sale of the 'Misérables' surpassing that of any other book published on the Continent for the last ten years. M. Lacroix, we are told, acted throughout with the greatest liberality, *fêted* the author and all his friends at a most sumptuous banquet, to which were invited celebrities from all portions of the globe, and distributed presents and *souvenirs* to right and left. Such liberality proved the best form of publicity, and perhaps contributed not a little to the success of 'Les Misérables.'"

Better than this is an account of the Christmas Eve of M. Hugo, who, we are glad to know, is not a mere sentimentalist, like too many writers of fiction, but really the lover of mankind that his great romance led us to believe. It is taken from the *Star*, a paper published in Guernsey, where M. Hugo at present resides.

On Christmas Eve, M. Victor Hugo entertained at Hauteville House the poor children who, for about two years, have been the constant recipients of his bounty. The party consisted of forty children and several of their parents, for the whole of whom M. Hugo provided a substantial dinner once a fortnight, twenty being received each week. These children are entertained without any regard to their nationality or religion. English, French, Guernsey, and Irish—Protestants and Catholics—being equally welcome—poverty being the only qualification required. The party assembled on Thursday, having been regaled with a solid dinner and a dessert of cake and wine, were taken into the billiard-room, where several visitors were assembled, and where, much to their delight, the children saw the table spread with a liberal supply of useful apparel, such as jackets, gowns, shirts, caps, bonnets, stockings, and shoes. These having been distributed among the children with a due regard to their respective wants, the benevolent host, addressing himself to the assemblage, said he wished to explain the motives and objects that he had in view in giving a weekly meal to the poor children whom he had then the happiness of seeing around him. In 1848 a commission of medical and other scientific men had been appointed by the French government to inquire into the causes of the diseases, such as scrofula, rickets, and impoverishment of the blood (*angine couenneuse*), to which the children of the poor were exposed, and which produced so much mortality amongst them. The committee reported it as their opinion that these diseases were caused by the children being almost total strangers to animal food, and that they might be checked by their having a meal of fresh meat once a month. Owing to political events this report remained without effect, but it made a strong impression on his (M. Hugo's) mind, and he determined that when circumstances should permit he would test the soundness of the theory propounded. He had therefore, about two years ago, commenced the humble little work of which the present meeting was a part. He had selected forty young children from the most necessitous classes of Guernsey, and to these he had given—not once a month, but once a fortnight—a sound meal composed of fresh meat and a small glass of wine. And he had the satisfaction of finding that his humble experiment had been undoubtedly successful. Many of his poor little children who had been suffering from one or the other of these diseases he had mentioned had been cured, and the physical constitution of nearly the whole of them sensibly improved. He wished it to be clearly understood that he assumed no merit for what he had done, for it was a part of his creed that it was the positive duty of the rich to care for the poor—a duty imposed alike by Christianity and common-sense—and that the rich had no right to spend their superfluity on their own enjoyments when they saw their fellow-beings suffering around them. He had, he repeated, called these poor children together with the view of carrying out an important experiment, but he had also done it for the purpose of giving an example. He had the gratification of assisting forty children; if twenty persons would do the same, eight hundred children would be cared for, and it was impossible to say what amount of good might thus be done for the population of the island. He repeated that he wished it to be distinctly understood that he took not to himself the slightest merit for what he was doing, and sincerely trusted that he should not be suspected of any feeling of ostentation. For the children themselves, he would tell them, for any good they might receive, their thanks were due, not to him, but to God, the giver of all good. He was gratified in seeing around him the ladies and gentlemen who had done him the honor to assist at his little *fête*. He should at all times be happy to see whoever might be pleased to come to him. He invited no one, but his doors were ever open to all. At the close of this address M. Hugo led his children into an adjoining drawing-room where they found a splendid Christmas tree, the branches of which were laden with toys that were gathered and distributed amongst the little party, who, as may be supposed, went away thoroughly happy and, it may be hoped, very grateful to their kind host and benefactor."

Mr. Louis Blanc will shortly publish a work in which he will show some of his English reading. It is entitled "England and the Drawing-Rooms of the Eighteenth Century."

The first volume of the posthumous works of the late Count Alfred de Vigny is just out. It is entitled "Les Destinées."

M. Jules Janin has recently published a new volume, "Poetry and Eloquence at Rome."

M. Heuse, who was sent on a mission to Macedonia by the French Government, will soon appear with a work on that country.

M. François Victor Hugo (a son of the author of "Les Misérables") has got to the twelfth volume of his translation of Shakespeare into French. His version of the "Divine William" (as M. Ponsard called him) is said to be well done.

Marianna Lugomirska, a descendant of Kosciusko, will shortly publish a new historical romance, based upon original letters and documents preserved among the papers of her family.

Herr Otto Jahn, the biographer of Mozart, is writing the life of Haydn.

A sketch, in ink, of the room which Goethe occupied in his father's house when a young man, and which was for a long time thought to be lost, was recently discovered among the papers of the late Countess Auguste Stolberg, of Kiel, and has been presented by its owner, Etatsrath Hegewische, of Kiel, to the free German Hochstift, at Frankfurt, to whom it proves to be of the greatest value in the restoration of the Goethe House to the condition after the building in 1755.

A motion was brought forward by the government of Saxony at a recent sitting of the Bundestag, to extend for ten years longer the copyright of Cotta's firm, on the works of Goethe, Schiller, Werder, and Weiland, which, together with the copyrights of all other German authors deceased before 1837, would expire on the 9th of November, 1867. The "Deputation of the Leipzig Booksellers' Association" have protested against this, and are about to take further steps to protect the rights of the public against the Cottas.

The first complete edition of Ludwig Börne's works has appeared in twelve volumes, of which the first and second contain an introduction of Börne to his complete works, tales, travels, and miscellaneous writings; the third contains sketches from Paris (1822-3), and diary leaves; the fourth and fifth, dramaturgical notices, criticisms; the sixth, criticisms, Frankfurt letters, Menzel; the seventh, aphorisms and fragments, French essays; volumes eight to twelve, Paris letters, biographies.

## SCIENCE.

## FOREIGN.

M. GIFFARD, of Paris, who claims to have solved the problem of aerial navigation, is making preparations for a grand trial trip with his new balloon. He has succeeded in constructing a steam-engine whose weight bears a very small proportion to that of ordinary engines of equal power. The first model, constructed under his superintendence, has been worked with success at a pressure of 900 pounds to the square inch, and he is sanguine that he will soon be able to increase the pressure to 3,000 pounds. This engine, placed in the car, will drive a propelling screw, furnished with very large vanes, which in calm weather will send the balloon through the air at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The car will hold a three days' supply of coal and water. By means of an ingeniously contrived condenser, the same water can be used over and over again, so that only a small quantity will be necessary. The balloon will be made of two thicknesses of muslin, with an intervening thickness of India-rubber.

If storms could be abolished, the plan of an ingenious Frenchman for lighting large cities by means of electric light attached to balloons, might be made to work admirably. He proposes to station these balloons at a certain height above the city, in the proportion of one balloon to 80,000 inhabitants. It is claimed that this illumination would be lighter at night than it often is on a cloudy day in winter.

Gun-cotton is to be employed hereafter in blasting out the tunnel under Mount Cenis, an English engineer having perfected an invention which makes the use of this material perfectly safe.

A novel rocket, designed to prevent an enemy from working at night, has been tried in France. Besides emitting a most brilliant light, illuminating a distance of two hundred yards when sent up, it offers the additional advantage of finally bursting like a shell, and carrying destruction into the hostile camp.

John Giles, of London, has invented a steam-ship for express use as a blockade-runner, in the construction of which he sought to combine the advantages of light draught with depth of immersion for the screw. These he secures by placing the screw amidships, inclined downward at an angle of forty-five degrees, directly under the center of gravity, and behind a short keel. Mr. Giles claims for his invention a speed of thirty to forty miles an hour.

A French *savant*, M. M. A. Gaudin, has invented a new lamp, by the aid of which the photographers can employ the hours after sunset in multiplying negative copies from the positive pictures taken during the day. The light is obtained from two streams of oxygen, one pure, the other saturated with ether, or some spirit rich in hydrogen, the jet of flame impinging on a cylinder of lime.

The *Journal of the Society of Arts* thus describes the process of photo-sculpture, which is to be carried out on a very extensive scale in Paris: "The sitter or object to be sculptured is placed in the center of a well-lighted, spacious apartment; twenty-four or even a larger number of cameras are ranged in a circle around him, at equal distances from each other, with plates duly prepared, and by a simple mechanical arrangement the operator, by one movement of the hand, simultaneously uncovers all the lenses, and, after a sufficient length of exposure, closes them. The plates are then developed in the usual manner, a sufficient number of operations being employed for the purpose, and proofs are subsequently printed. There are thus obtained twenty-four or more views of the subject from twenty-four or more different points of sight. Each view is then in succession, by means of a magic lantern arrangement, thrown upon a screen on an enlarged scale. In order to transfer these likenesses from the photographs to the modeling clay, an instrument on the principle of the pentagraph is then made use of, having a tracer at one end and a cutting tool at the other. The lump of modeling clay is fixed on a stand capable of turning on its axis, with divisions corresponding to the number of photographs employed, and is placed in a position so that while the tracer of the pentagraph passes over the outline of the photograph thrown on the screen, the cutting tool at the other end cuts the clay into the corresponding outline. The clay is then shifted one division on its axis, and the next corresponding photograph thrown on the screen, and the operation repeated, and so on in succession till the clay has the twenty-four or more outlines accurately transferred to it. It then only remains for the artist to connect these tracings or outlines on the clay, and here, of course, his skill is shown. The artist thus has a large amount of work mechanically and rapidly prepared for him, and he is enabled, in a comparatively short time, to execute a model combining all the truthfulness of mechanism and the skill of the artist. From this model casts in plaster or statues in marble can be taken in the usual way. It is stated that the sculptures thus produced are remarkably good, and can be supplied at a very cheap rate as compared with sculpture produced entirely by hand."

His Highness the Pasha of Egypt has applied to the Porte for the concession of a railway from Jeddah to Mecca. When this is finished, pilgrims will be able to go from Constantinople to Mecca in ten days. Now the journey occupies weeks, and a large proportion of the pilgrims die from hardships and sufferings.

The triangulations of Central Europe have just been commenced in Austrian territory. The first point of the first order is situated on the height of Doblitz, near Prague. The longitude of Doblitz was determined by an electrical connection with Leipzig.

Permission to work a French patent for the manufacture of brandy from coal gas has recently been purchased for a large sum by an English company, and the work is on the point of being started in London.

Commander Scott, of the English navy, contends that the armor-plates of men-of-war should be affixed to the inside of the vessel, in order that the teak, which now forms the backing, should serve to check the blow of the projectile, and prevent the starting of bolts and flying of splinters, which are so destructive at present. The theory is very fine, but practice shows that the outside lining of wood may be stripped off by a few shots, leaving the iron plates entirely exposed.

A Frenchman has patented an invention for pulverizing the refuse of slate, and mixing with it a substance which produces a durable building material equal to the finest stone.

An experiment was lately made in Paris for the preservation of grain from fermentation and the attacks of insects, by inclosing it in a metal vessel and exhausting the air. The experiment was made in the presence of forty persons, and succeeded perfectly. Ten hectoliters of wheat were placed in a metal vessel, and the air was exhausted. The vessel was opened after fifteen days, and the weevils, which were seen quite lively when the wheat was placed in the vessel, had quitted their cells and were dead. They were warmed, but did not stir. Being placed on white paper, they were crushed and reduced to powder, without leaving any stain on the paper. From various experiments made on wheat under glass, it was found that the weevil retains life longer than any other insect when deprived of air.



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